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Sports Illustrated

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October 7 1963
Volume 19

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
Number 15



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The Winchester Model 101 is a high-quality shotgun for all seasons

The shotgun, long the most popular sporting firearm in the U.S., is currently enjoying its biggest boom in the country's history. There are two important reasons for this: more leisure time for shooters to be afield and the rapid growth of shooting preserves and trap and skeet fields, many of them near enough to major metropolitan areas to draw on a previously untapped group of sportsmen. As a result, gun manufacturers are constantly turning out new and better shotguns, most of them far more rugged and adaptable to a wider variety of shooting conditions than ever before.

The most exciting new shotgun this season is Winchester's Model 101, an over-and-under double-barreled gun, custom designed and engineered by Winchester. It is manufactured, however, in Tochigi, Japan, where skilled hand labor, so necessary in the construction of fine double-barreled shotguns, is available. The result of this meeting of East and West is a high quality shotgun that sells for a reasonable $249, considerably less than most quality over-and-unders.

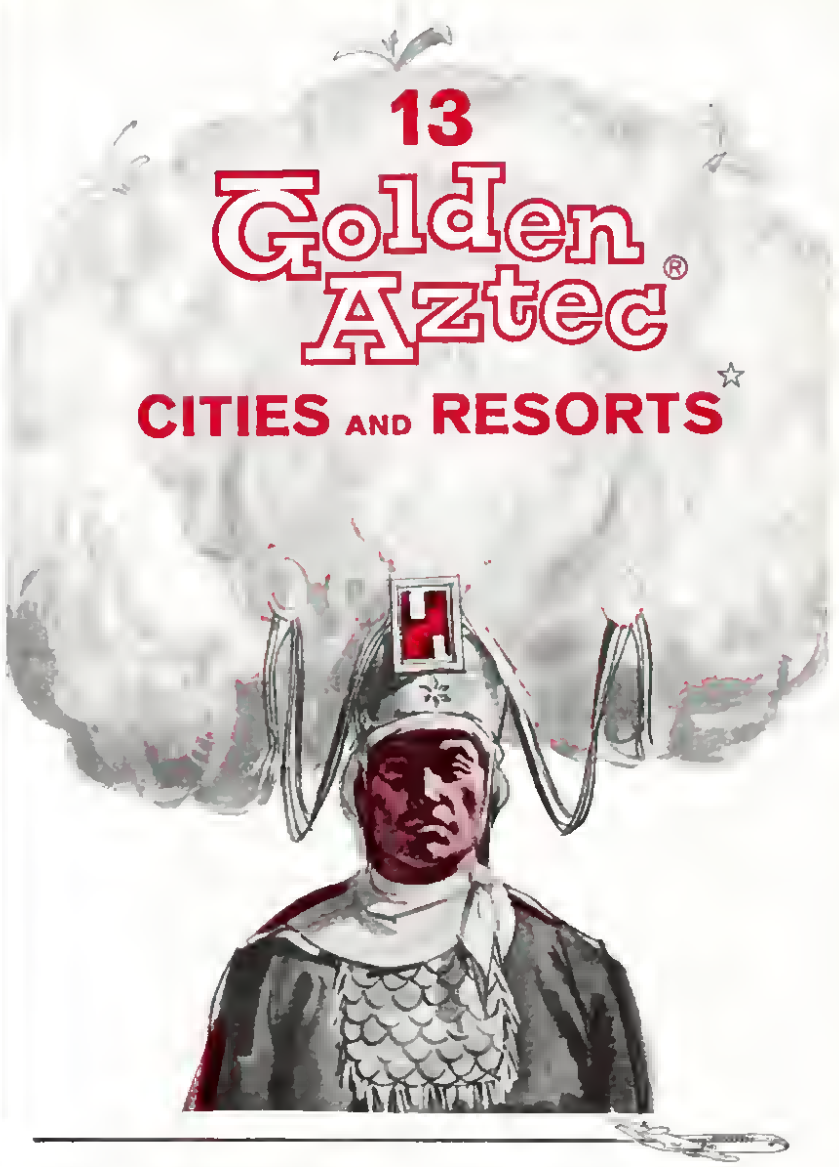
The Model 101, currently available in 12 gauge only, has many standard features that would, on other over-and-unders, be expensive optionals. Among them are: a gold-plated, single selective trigger that gives the shooter instantaneous choice of barrels—and thus of choke and type of shotshell load—and allows him to fire either barrel first by simply setting the selector (which also doubles as the safety); automatic ejectors which flip out only spent shells when the gun is opened, or broken; chrome-lined bores; intricate hand engraving on the receiver; and a light ventilated rib which provides a flat sighting plane and helps to cool the barrels.

The stock and beavertail forearm on the Model 101 are of highly polished French walnut. Both the pistol grip on the stock and the forearm are nicely hand-checkered, and the metal lock parts (exposed when the gun is open) are engine-turned or "jeweled." The gun weighs 7¾ pounds with 28-inch barrels. At present it is available in five different barrel lengths and choke combinations: 26-inch skeet boring; 26-inch improved cylinder and modified, ideal for ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting in tight, thick cover; 28-inch modified and full, a good all-round combination for upland gunning; 30-inch modified and full; and 30-inch full and full for longer-range shooting at ducks and geese.

Remington Arms Company, Inc., also has a handsome new shotgun, the Model 1100, a five-shot, gas-operated, semiautomatic in 12 gauge (16 and 20 gauge in 1964) for which the company claims "up to 40% less recoil than other automatics and more than 50% less than 'fixed action' models [double-

continued

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barreled and slide-action guns]." The Model 1100 *does* have less recoil sensation, and it should therefore be of special interest to the shooter who is particularly sensitive to recoil and who tends to anticipate the kick of the gun by flinching, thus interrupting not only the smoothness of his swing but also his concentration on targets.

In a fixed-action, gas-operated gun, the ignition of the powder generates a small amount of gas. This gas drives the shot out of the barrel and at the same time creates an opposite force that drives the gun into the shooter's shoulder and cheek with a sharp jolt. By venting off part of the gas that operates the action nearer the chamber, where gas pressures are at a peak, Remington has spread the recoil process over a longer period of time (actually a fraction of a second) and has thus reduced the sharp jolting recoil effect on the shooter. This reduction in recoil has been accomplished without adding weight to the gun to absorb the recoil—the Model 1100 weighs 7½ pounds in 12 gauge.

In testing the Model 1100, Remington used some 500,000 shotshells, fired the gun in rainstorms and in the desert and even put it in a freezer, from which it emerged cold but intact. The gun's receiver and bolt have scrolled engraving, and the stock and forearm, of American walnut, have checkering with an unusual fleur-de-lis pattern. The stock, which has a full pistol grip, and the forearm are protected by a new durable Du Pont wood finish similar to that used on bowling pins. Nylon buffers are used in the gun to cut down wear and tear on metal parts. The Model 1100 comes chambered for 2¾- and 3-inch shells in a variety of barrel lengths and chokes and costs $144.95 and up. Trap and skeet models are also available and extra barrels ($45–$68) are interchangeable.

For the rifle shooter, the Redfield Gun Sight Company of Denver has a new compact variable power rifle scope with a 2X–7X power spread that enables the shooter to use one scope over a wide range of hunting conditions. The new scope, which costs $94.50, is lightweight (11½ ounces) and shorter (11¾ inches) than many fixed power scopes. Its reticle (the "aiming lines" within the scope) appears finer as the power is increased and thicker as the power is decreased. Thus at 2X, 3X and 4X, where the objective lens gathers maximum light, the reticle is thick—ideal for closeup shooting at moving game in brush and timber. For long-distance shooting, with the scope power set from 5X to 7X, the fine reticle enables the shooter to examine a trophy animal and still have a precise point of aim. The degree of power is adjusted by turning a dial near the scope's eyepiece. Redfield variable scopes come with cross-hair reticles; post and cross-hair or dot reticles are $9 extra. The new scope is guaranteed to be thoroughly sealed against internal fogging.

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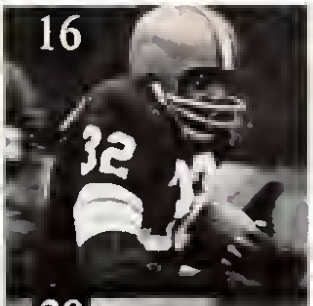
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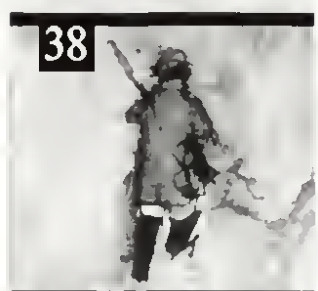


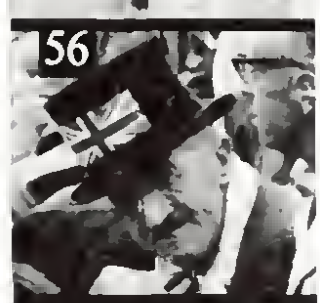














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THE WORLD SERIES will be a duel of Yankee power and defense vs. Dodger pitching and speed. Color photographs of the action and an inside look at the tactics of both teams.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT by Artist Robert Handville, some top pro runners reveal their techniques. Jack Olsen reports on Ronnie Bull, the Chicago Bears' exciting young halfback.

VIOLENCE IN GLOVES is a fair description of Boxer Rubin Carter, and his personality is as explosive as his fists. In many ways Carter follows the pattern that was set by Sonny Liston.

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THE OLD FRONTIER

Even more than had been expected, President Kennedy's conservation tour turned out to be political. But, for the record, he did have some things to say about conservation. In Laramie, Wyo. he said that the conservationist's basic desire to hoard our natural resources is completely outmoded. "Our primary task now," he said, "is to increase our understanding of our natural environment to the point where we can enjoy it without defacing it, use its bounty without permanently detracting from its value, and, above all, maintain a living, evolving balance between man's actions and nature's reactions."

Later, near Billings, Mont., the President called for support of three pending Administration programs to activate his theories:

1) The Youth Conservation Corps, based on the old CCC, to put young men to work maintaining national parks and forests.

2) The long-debated, long-delayed Wilderness Bill to preserve forever primitive areas in national forests.

3) The Land and Water Conservation Fund Bill, a long-range plan for using state and federal funds to develop new recreation areas.

The President's interest in conservation is genuine—his Administration has created three national seashores, for one thing—and we wish he had stuck to this important topic.

THE MATCHLESS MATCH

Call us dreamers, but we think there ought to be a match race between those splendid harness horses, Speedy Scot and Overtrick. Never has there been a pair like them. One is a trotter, the other a pacer. Each this year captured the classic 3-year-old race for his gait: Speedy Scot won The Hambletonian, Overtrick the Little Brown Jug. When Speedy Scot last week flowed powerfully to a 1:56¼-mile clocking at Lexington, Ky., he became the fastest trotting racehorse of all time (although others have been faster under the ideal conditions of time trials). When Overtrick won the Jug, both his heats (1:57⅕, 1:57⅖) were faster than any before on a half-mile track.

To those who protest that trotters just do not race against pacers, we say it is time for a change. The difference in gaits is precisely what would clothe this battle of world champions with unparalleled suspense. Pacers, swinging both legs on one side simultaneously, are thought to have an inherent edge in speed—a bit less than one second in a mile—over trotters, which step out with the left front and right rear legs, then right front and left rear, etc.

But a fraction of a second is not enough to spoil our dream of a race between Speedy Scot and Overtrick. They are about as even in speed potential as horses can be, and we are already letting our thoughts roam over niceties of position and strategy: the advantage of having the rail, whether there would be an all-out sprint from the gate or whether Drivers Ralph Baldwin and Johnny Patterson would play it cool for three-quarters, then put on a save-the-fortress charge. Such a contest need not be just a dream. We warmly recommend that it be made possible.

WHAT'S GOOD FOR FLORIDA

Although jai alai exists handsomely in Florida, it is played nowhere else in the U.S. The Basque game—something like handball except that the players use a long, curved basket called a *cesta* to carom a hard ball off three concrete walls—is nothing much to watch, for all its speed, unless you have a bet down. It has been tried without legalized gambling in cities like New York, Chicago and Boston, drew curious crowds briefly, and expired.

Now a new crusader, Jack I. Goldner, a Manhattan dress manufacturer, has formed the Knickerbocker Jai-Lai Fronton Corporation and, after misspelling the name of the game, is seeking to win for it the same gambling privileges horse racing enjoys. It will, he asserted at a preliminary meeting, be a tourist attraction, a new industry and a new source of revenue. There are six jai alai *frontons* (arenas) in Florida, he said. Last season they drew well over 1 million bettors who wagered $41 million, of which the state, claiming better than 5% of the action, got some $2 million. Translating Florida figures into a hypothetical New York situation, Goldner concluded that the state would realize a gorgeous $24 million in extra revenue, something New York politicians have been looking for most eagerly of late.

There will, to be sure, be opposition from the horse racing interests, who want the pari-mutuels all to themselves, but Goldner is confident that no politician can pass up the kind of money he is dangling.

LOSER, SPARE THOSE SPARERIBS!

Norm Gerdeman, Houston Colt steward, and his wife Evelyn pride themselves on setting a fine table for visiting ball clubs. Instead of crackers and peanut butter, they provide such delicacies as barbecued spareribs, gravied chicken, corn, cucumbers, cantaloupe and other delights ballplayers make for avidly, win or lose, after a game. The players appre-



ciate the succulent stuff, but losing managers do not.

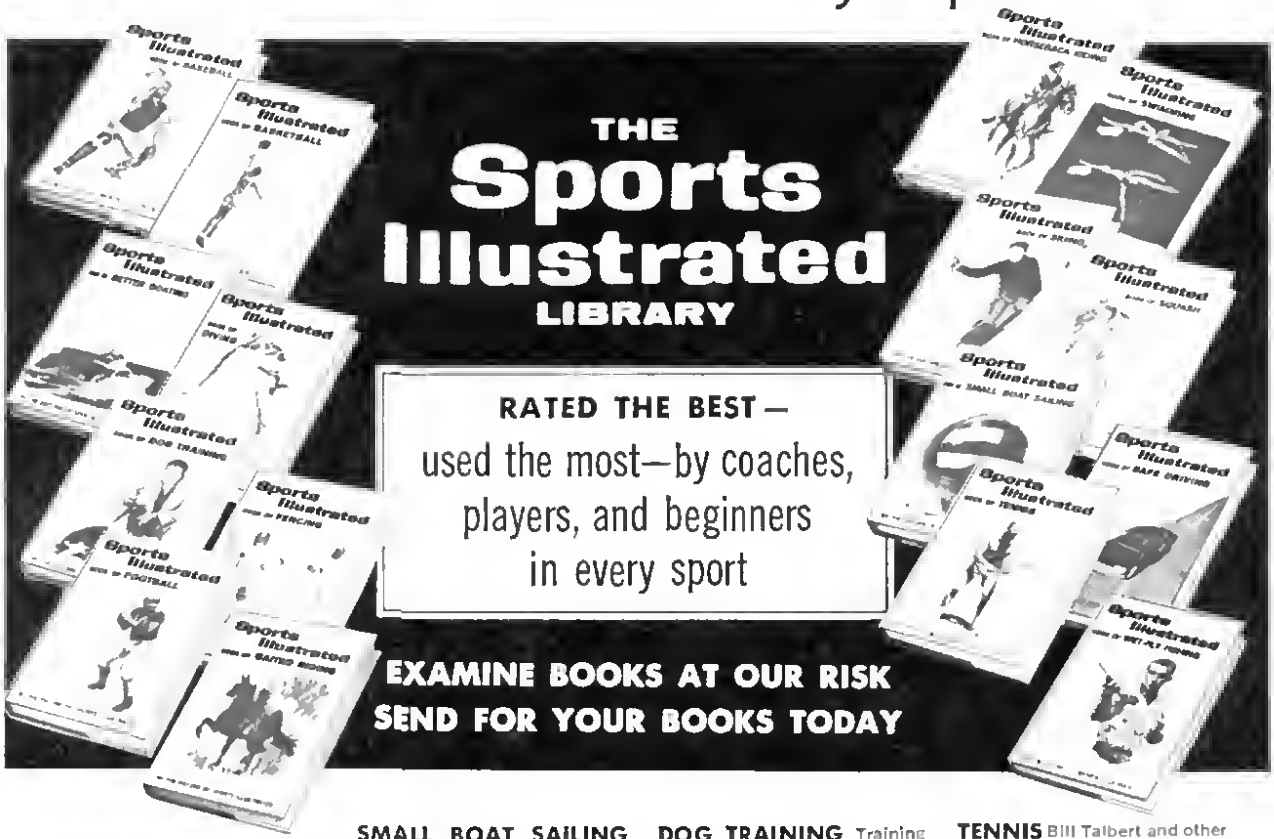
After the Cincinnati Reds lost to the Colt .45s, Manager Fred Hutchinson watched his hungry players forget their loss and rush from the field to the victuals. "Run, you —— —— ——," he shouted, "run! That's all you think about, getting your bellies full." The players kept on running.

Then Gene Mauch, Phillie manager,

continued

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watched in disgust as his team lost in the ninth inning to the Colts, a game that could have kept them in fourth place and maintained hopes of a share of World Series money if they had been as eager for hits as they were for spareribs. When Mauch found the team munching on the Gerdeman goodies, he rushed to the table, upturned it and sent spareribs and chicken with gravy over walls and ceiling and onto the expensive suits of Wes Covington and Tony Gonzalez. "Little Leaguers!" he called the players, among less decorous epithets.

The Gerdemans, contemplating the mess, sighed that it was bound to happen sooner or later, but they may have to go to stainless food if it keeps up.

PASSING OF A SPORTSMAN

Arthur Christiansen was the most famous editor in Britain when ill health compelled him to leave the London *Daily Express* six years ago. He was also Fleet Street's youngest editor when he took over Lord Beaverbrook's daily at the age of 29. Last week, at 59, he died while rehearsing a television show in Norwich.

In pushing the *Express* circulation from under 2 million to more than 4 million, "Chris" put a lot of energy into building up his sports section. He brought to sport the same combination of ardor and naivete with which he approached all aspects of the news. He was a great fan of Arsenal, the famous London soccer club, and his support was most enthusiastic when the team was suffering lean years. He made the paper's horse racing page one of the best in the country and was never at a loss to give a friend an inside tip on the day's races. The tip invariably lost.

Newsmen all over the world—even those who disagreed with his colorful but often controversial methods—will miss him.

BLOCK THAT HALF POINT

Haskell Institute's Indians are said to have played two football games in two days back in the '20s, and Kansas is known to have played two in three days in the mid-'30s, but such feats have long been thought to have vanished with the era of iron men and wooden goalposts. Living (but just barely) proof to the contrary is the Northeast Missouri State Teachers College team, which a week ago played two games 250 miles apart

continued



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within 24 hours. "We weren't trying to prove anything," said Coach Maurice (Red) Wade. "We just wanted to get Western Illinois on a four-year contract and this was the only night they had open. Washburn held us to the game scheduled for the following day." Twenty-four hours and a Kirksville, Mo.-to-Topeka, Kans. bus ride later, after surprising strong Western Illinois 22-0, Northeast lost to weak Washburn 7-6.

Odder yet were the doings in Wisconsin. At Sheboygan, Lakeland College students were building floats, planning decorations and preparing for a Homecoming football game against Milton on Oct. 5. At Wisconsin's Milton College, students were selecting a theme, electing a queen and preparing for a Homecoming game against Lakeland—on Oct. 5. Came the horrid realization: a scheduling mistake had been made. Well, you just can't have a Homecoming when the football team is Awaygoing. Officials negotiated a compromise. Each school will get a Homecoming game, Lakeland on Friday and Milton on Saturday. Each will count half a game in conference standings and statistics will be averaged. Like most compromises, this one has its faults. For one, how is that averaged final score going to look in the record books if it reads, for example, Lakeland 7½, Milton 6½?

DIXIELAND BOUND?

Casting about for a possible permanent home for their annual championship playoff game, the eyes of some National Football League owners have lighted on New Orleans—and New Orleans is delighted. No decision will be made until next spring's annual league meeting, but there are signs that New Orleans is near the goal and running fast.

The idea of a permanent playoff site has been around for several years—chiefly because inclement Christmas-week weather has marred so many playoffs in the East and Middle West. The motion has always been tabled, even though influential television sponsors have complained about the blacking out of such important markets as New York. After all, followers of a team like to be there in person when it wins a title. Nevertheless, the search for a minor market city with good football weather and good football facilities has continued.

With a metropolitan head count of less than 1 million, with Tulane University's Sugar Bowl stadium seating 81,000 and with a subtropical climate, New Orleans seems to fit the bill. Furthermore, the city is hungry for professional football. The NFL exhibition doubleheader of September 7 drew 51,218, a record for an unfranchised city. Tickets to the exhibition were sold, incidentally, on a racially unsegregated basis and New Orleans hotels also have been desegregated, thus eliminating what might have been an obstacle.

Dave Dixon, who promoted the exhibition, will make the New Orleans presentation at the league's winter meeting. There are those who say that several NFL owners and officials are behind him.

THE HONEST ANGLER

It's a rare book about fishing that denies itself such traditional trash of the outdoors writing trade as cutely infallible prescriptions for the ravishment of trout, or the reading of undecipherable streams, or the tying of improbable knots. When one does come along it should be hailed. Hail, then, to *Red Smith on Fishing* (Doubleday, $3.95), a collection of newspaper columns the author has published since 1948. Smith has fished from Finland to Ireland, with the bass of Wisconsin as an annual vacation lure, and for such disparate species as salmon and sailfish, Chilean trout and Homosassa bass. He has managed to do all this without coming up with one worthwhile suggestion for the angler who would follow in his wake. It is a relief to read him. The Smith Act is to tell about a fishing trip, pleasantly and amusingly, as it really happened, and both houses of Congress should pass it and the President should sign it.

THEY SAID IT

• Gene Mori, board chairman of Hialeah racetrack, turning down an offer to buy it: "A man could own 20 banks, but he could own but one Hialeah."

• Shelby Metcalf, Texas A&M basketball coach, noting that the Aggie-Texas basketball game will be televised next season: "They haven't sold the game to a sponsor yet—but Gillette has bought the fight afterward."

• Bob Brown, Nebraska's All-America candidate, telling how he got himself ready to play Carl Eller, Minnesota's All-America candidate, to a standoff: "I had his picture pasted on my mirror at home. Every day last summer I looked at it and said that September 28 is going to be the day." **END**



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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 7, 1993



The Cleveland Browns were supposed to go sky-high last year, but somebody forgot to light the fuse. This year *Fullback* Jimmy Brown and Quarterback *Frank* Ryan are exploding to new records and have put Cleveland at the top of the NFL in the East. Who struck the match?

BIG BROWN BOOM

JAMES DRAKE

A revived Jimmy Brown breaks through for 17 yards and Cleveland's first score last Sunday against the Los Angeles Rams.

CONTINUED

ONE MAN HAD TO GO SO THREE COULD ARRIVE

by TEX MAULE

The Cleveland Browns are happy to announce that they are back in business and bigger than ever. Led by Jimmy Brown, that magnificent fullback, the Browns are crushing opponents this season as remorselessly as they did in the early 1950s, when they won six straight Eastern Division titles. The Browns opened the season by flattening Washington 37–14. Brown scored three touchdowns, one on an 80-yard run, another on an 83-yard pass play. He scored two more touchdowns against Dallas the following week on runs of 71 and 62 yards, as the Browns again won easily 41–24. Last week, on a wet field at Cleveland, he scored another touchdown, a 17-yard run, as the Browns won their third straight, 20–6 over the Rams. In the three games Brown gained 489 yards, the best start the great back has ever had.

It was just a year ago that Jimmy Brown had his worst season as a pro. For the first time since his rookie year he failed to gain 1,000 yards and for the first time he did not win the league's rushing title. The team did not fare well either, finishing a poor third behind the Giants and Steelers. The low point for Brown and his teammates came late in the season at Dallas. The Browns lost to the Cowboys 45–21. Jimmy Brown was held to 29 yards and in the dressing room he was obviously a very bitter man. He had been called upon to carry the ball only eight times and the man who called the plays was Paul Brown, the coach.

There can be no doubt that the major factor in the improvement of Jimmy Brown and his teammates this year is the absence of Paul Brown. Paul Brown was a legend, a coach with a glittering record, but much of the glitter was dimming. His Browns last won a division championship in 1957 and since then there had been nothing but disappointing seasons and rumors of dissent between players and coach. Paul Brown ran the Browns his way. No other way was considered, no other thoughts, no other opinions.

One of the players who resented Paul Brown most was Jimmy Brown. "I've always wanted to play for a coach I feel like going out and dying for," Brown once said. "Paul Brown is not that coach." Jim felt he would be a more effective runner if he were allowed to run outside more often. Paul Brown would have none of it. Time and again Jim would be sent up the middle when all the world knew he would be doing exactly that. Jim Brown would finish games battered, bruised and disheartened. He got so discouraged last season that he indicated to friends that this year

Treated with consideration by new Coach Blanton Collier (left), Jimmy Brown has responded with three sensational performances



By rejecting suggestions and refusing to let quarterbacks call plays, former Coach Paul Brown lost confidence of players and owner.



he might play out his option, making himself a free agent, if Paul Brown returned as coach.

But Paul Brown did not return. Arthur Modell, the young, vibrant owner of the Browns, fired him when the 1962 season was over. "I spent three weeks considering it," Modell said the other day. "It was one of the most difficult decisions of my life. When I bought this club, I idolized Paul Brown."

Modell refuses to discuss his reasons for firing Brown, but some are evident. Brown traded Bobby Mitchell to Washington without consulting Modell. Worse, Modell strongly suspected that Brown was about to trade Jimmy Brown for Johnny Unitas, even after Modell had told him Jimmy Brown must stay. But probably Modell's biggest reason for firing Brown was the discord between the players and the coach.

Sure enough, when Brown was let go to sit out his six-year contract at $75,000 a year, the players almost cheered. "After contacting most of our veteran players," said Bernie Parrish, the player representative, "I found that it was the virtually unanimous opinion that it was time for a change." Jim Brown was pleased. "Morale wise," he said, "I think things will improve. Football players don't like being treated as inferiors."

The man who is now coach of the Browns, Blanton Collier, was an assistant to Paul Brown for 10 years. He is loyal to Brown—he refused to speak to Modell for a week after Brown was fired and only took the job after Brown gave his blessing—but he has his own ideas about football techniques. "Collier gives us personal responsibility and a voice," said Jimmy Brown recently. "He is not autocratic. He leaves it up to me to work the way I want to work." Brown, contented too because of new line blocking assignments that allow him to pick his own hole, has been working harder in practice than ever before and his performance on the field speaks for itself.

Collier has also been responsible for the improvement in Frank Ryan, the Browns' quarterback. Ryan has been passing extremely accurately and this threat on offense has taken a lot of the pressure off Jimmy Brown.

"Collier taught me more about playing quarterback in six weeks than I had learned in my whole life," Ryan said the other day. "When I came up to the Rams in 1958, I tried to copy Johnny Unitas. I used to drop back, stare to my left, then turn right and try to find my receiver. Lots of times I couldn't do it. Collier told me to back away from the line of scrimmage, reading the defense as I did. He also told me to keep my eye on the receiver I think should be open. Defensive backs are watching the receivers —not me—so there's no point in faking. He said, 'Suppose you're in a crowded railroad station and you look across the waiting room at a nondescript man and you want to watch him walk across the room. If you watch him all the time, it's easy to follow him as he makes his way through the crowd, but if you look away for a second, you won't be able to find him again. It's the same with receivers.' "

Collier has also taught Ryan a trick he learned in the Navy. Collier was on the rifle range one afternoon, spraying shots all over the target area, when an old Marine sergeant came by and asked him what he was aiming at. Collier said the target, and the sergeant asked what part of the target. "The bull's-eye," Collier replied. The sergeant snorted. "You got to aim at the middle of the bull's-eye," he told Collier. "The margin of error increases with the size of the target."

While there is no record of Collier winning any medals for marksmanship, his aim did improve and he decided the same theory could be used in football.

"He told me to imagine a cross on the chest of the receiver," Ryan said. "Then I'm to aim for the middle of the cross. If I miss, I don't miss by much and the good receivers can catch anything close to them." This season Ryan has hit six imaginary crosses for scores and is second in the league in passing yardage.

While the Browns, undefeated and leading the Eastern Division, have obviously improved with Paul Brown out and Blanton Collier in, it should be emphasized that the opposition has been weak. Ahead are the major tests, games against the Steelers, Giants and Cardinals, plus a rugged intersectional battle with Detroit. These will prove just how strong Cleveland is. With Jimmy Brown happy and running free and Frank Ryan throwing bull's-eyes at imaginary crosses, opposing teams are not looking forward to finding out. **END**

Faced with what he called the most difficult decision of his life, young Cleveland Brown Owner Arthur Modell fired Paul Brown. Ridiculed at first, his judgment has been vindicated.



LAST TIME AROUND WITH STAN

In late August one of baseball's most remarkable men began his final swing through the National League. A touching but cheerful report on the end of a fabulous career **by THEODORE M. O'LEARY**

For baseball, September is the saddest month. The sun moves south and the shadows crawl quickly across the infields. A chill touches the air at night and hopes born in the spring slip away. Two teams will win but the rest must lose, so melancholy is multiplied 18 times. In September of 1963, however, melancholy was multiplied a thousand times. Stan Musial was making his last swing around the National League.

In the context of a world almost perpetually in crisis, the retirement of an athlete, no matter how great, can hardly be considered tragic, and tragedy has never been a part of Stan Musial's life. He has been one of the happy elements of the game, a friendly, charming boy who grew into a friendly, charming man, set apart principally by the fact that he might at any time hit .376.

In the case of Musial's retirement there was melancholy only because millions upon millions of baseball fans knew that the slender figure with the weird wiggling stance would never again pop up before their eyes or on their television screens, wearing the two redbirds on his chest and the big No. 6 on his back.

He would remain in baseball, true, a vice-president of the Cardinals. But no one was kidding himself. Musial in a Cardinal uniform, swinging a bat under a blue sky on a June afternoon, was one thing. Musial in a dark business suit and sober necktie, with a sharp pencil in his pocket and a squad roster in his hand, was something else. It would be like making Paul Bunyan vice-president of a lumber company.

As Musial made his way around the league for the last time, the old love affair between the ballplayer and the American people began to overflow even as it drew to a close. There were times when Stan was in danger of being drowned in treacle. He was heaped with gifts and honors and awards, in San Francisco and Houston and Los Angeles, in New York and Chicago and Philadelphia and Cincinnati. Moist eyes blinked from coast to coast. Then, just when the whole retirement threatened to sink beneath a sea of sentiment, two things occurred to help people remember that baseball is still baseball and that even Stan Musial still plays for the other side. In San Francisco, Alvin Dark refused to present a plaque ordered cast for Musial by the Giant owner, Horace Stoneham. "When the season is over," Dark said, "I'd go anywhere for Stan Musial. But I wouldn't give anything to anybody on another team during the season." And in Philadelphia, while Stan was walking to the dugout after a home-plate ceremony in his honor, a Philadelphia fan bellowed from the upper deck: "Musial, you bum, I hope you strike out every time you come up." Musial smiled. It was somehow comforting to know that Philadelphia fans would never change.

Musial's response to all the tribute was—to put it mildly—reserved. He rarely has much to say, least of all about himself. He is a perfectionist in his batting, in his relations with the public, in his style of dress. He is even a perfectionist in his manner of celebration. On September 10, the day he became a grandfather, the first time he came to bat in Busch Stadium against the Cubs he did not hit a single; he hit a two-run homer.

Musial's perfectionism carries over into his use of the language. He cannot use words with notable precision, and he refuses to fake. He will start a sentence, see it heading toward fuzziness —and stop. But sometimes he lapses into the articulate, even the eloquent. One day he was flying with the Cardinals from San Francisco to Philadelphia, where, unexpectedly, they were to launch their late-season challenge of the Dodgers. "I'd feel worse about this last swing around the league," he said, "if I were getting out of baseball completely, but I'm not. I'll still be in the game next year and many more, I hope. Still," he said wistfully, "the best thing about baseball is the actual thrill of playing it. That's the part I've cared about most. But I've liked other things too. I wouldn't be honest if I didn't say that I've liked the fact that so many people have made such a fuss over me. I've never quite got over a kind of wonder at the fact that they have made that fuss because I was simply doing what I loved doing more than anything in the world—playing ball. Sure, sometimes I get tired of the fuss, and when I do I can always go away and hide for a little while. But I've liked the fuss. I've loved it. I'll miss it.

"One of the reasons I don't mind retiring, I tell myself, is because I've been able to play about four more years than I had any right to expect. If I had retired four years ago—and the idea did cross my mind—I would have kept torturing myself wondering if I hadn't quit too soon. Now I know I haven't.

"The main reason I decided to retire was that I never wanted to be a liability to a ball club. I was listening to Willie Mays the other night recording for a documentary about his life and he said,

continued

In Cardinal clubhouse, Musial completes transformation from athlete to executive.



'When I get too old to play, I'll know it by my arm.' I couldn't understand that. I never worried about my arm. What you lose is your speed and most of all your concentration. Concentration is what has enabled me to change my mind at the last instant and not take a pitch I thought was going to be a ball but to swing at it instead when I realized it was going to be a strike. That ability has been leaving me in the last couple of years. Somebody told me that by retiring this season I was just barely going to miss breaking Ty Cobb's record for most games played—3,033, I believe it is. But tell me this: What's wrong with being second to Ty Cobb?"

Ten days later in Pittsburgh, when he was the last player left in the clubhouse before a game, Musial made another try at introspection. Asked how he was always able to give the appearance of being a completely serene and happy man despite all sorts of stresses and strains and provocations and demands, he said: "I suppose it's because I'm a 'you only live once' type and I figure I might as well enjoy everything that happens. It's also with me pretty much a matter of putting myself in somebody else's place. So what I try to do is never to hurt anybody else and figure if I don't, then I'm not likely to get hurt myself.

"Maybe one reason I'm so cheerful is that for more than 20 years I've had an unbeatable combination going for me—getting paid, often a lot, to do the thing I love the most. The love is important, but let's not pretend—so is the money. My old Cardinal coach, Mike Gonzalez, used to say to me, 'Musial, if I could hit like you, I'd play for nothing.' Not me. But I wouldn't play for the money without the fun."

The first two cities Musial visited after he announced his retirement plans were Los Angeles and Houston. In Los Angeles the Dodgers and the local baseball writers gave him the first two of many plaques. Musial said he was glad he was in the restaurant business because the wall of a restaurant is a good place to hang a plaque. An organization called the Vikings, a convivial group, gave a lunch for him at his favorite Hollywood restaurant, Scandia. The Vikings gave Musial a Cardinal-red rocking chair and a vastly oversized old-fashioned glass on which was embossed, "Stan the Friend."

Milton Berle told his wife by telephone from New York to be sure to visit Chavez Ravine and give Musial a box of the $1.50-apiece cigars that Berle favors. Musial is too restless to savor a big cigar, to sit and smoke and contemplate. He chain-smokes small cigars, only slightly larger than cigarettes. Consequently, Berle's cigars kept appearing in different mouths: in San Francisco, for instance, in that of Chub Feeney, vice-president of the Giants; of Garry Schumacher, the team's public-relations director; and of Jim Toomey, who has the same job for the Cards.

What Musial cannot use he likes to give away. As his longtime friend and roommate, Red Schoendienst, put it: "Musial is the most generous man I have ever known—to everybody but the pitchers. He is not only generous to people who need generosity, he's just as generous to those who don't."

By the time the Cardinals went to San Francisco on August 26 Musial's progress from city to city had taken on all the aspects of a farewell tour. San Francisco's mayor, George Christopher, proclaimed Musial honorary mayor and asked him to come by his office to pick up his commission.

Musial is a household word in America but not a household face. He often goes unrecognized. At a traffic stop on the way to Christopher's office the driver of the cab in which Musial was riding turned, looked him squarely in the eye and told him that if he wanted to see a ball game the Giants and Cardinals were playing that night. Musial was shown into Mayor Christopher's large and deep-carpeted office. Christopher has a public face, the kind to carve on a mountain. He is a large man, with waves of gray hair breaking over a massive head. He had a baseball he wanted autographed—of course. When Musial used his right hand the mayor said he thought Musial was left-handed.

"When I was a kid," Musial replied, "I started to write the way I batted—left-handed. But in those days they had a way of turning left-handed writers into right-handed ones. They rapped your knuckles with a ruler. With me, it worked." Musial told the mayor he should order the Giants to lose. Christopher told Musial that if he got any hits the honorary mayor would be removed from office. He also suggested that Musial come to California and enter politics. "Your politics are too tough out here," Stan said. Musial went hitless against the Giants. He hit two balls hard, but Mays's long, easy strides enabled him to run them both down.

After the game some 2,000 fans pressed against the wired-off runway through which both Giant and visiting players emerge from their clubhouses. Mays had hit his 400th homer that night and when he appeared there were cheers and demands for his autograph. But when Willie departed no one else did. They all stayed, waiting for Musial. When he finally emerged, moving with his characteristic short, brisk strides, he looked to neither side but headed straight into the Cardinal bus, to a concert of cries of disappointment. But, once seated in the bus, he did what he always does and rolled down his window and started signing balls and programs thrust toward him. He did this for some 10 minutes. When the bus started down Cardiac Hill outside the ball park, youngsters clung monkey fashion to the outside. With an affability that would cause shudders in the National Safety Council, Musial scrawled his name on the assorted blank spaces offered to him until the last of the small fry dropped off.

Back at the Palace Hotel, Musial worked his way through the usual swarm of autograph hunters awaiting the Cardinal bus. Then he and Schoendienst headed for the shrouded dimness of the Tudor Room in one corner of the hotel. Since they first became teammates in 1946, Musial and Schoendienst have been close friends off the field. On the road, they keep to themselves. "Both Red and I have always taken the attitude that we came to a city to play ball," Musial said. "We haven't made any particularly close attachments on the road. But we have certain places we like to go and certain things we like to eat in most of these places. I like the *sole amandine* at Maxim's, a French restaurant in Houston. In Los Angeles at Scandia there isn't anything on the menu I don't like. I usually eat what Kenneth Hansen tells me to eat. Here in San Francisco there are so many great restaurants, but I guess my two favorites are Doros and the Blue Fox. I ate dinner at the Blue Fox last night and had my favorite thing there—pheasant baked in clay. I've never found it anywhere else. In Philadelphia I almost always eat at the Old Original Bookbinders. You can't beat the steamed clams and lobsters. In New York there

are a lot of places to eat but I usually make it to either Shor's or the Pen and Pencil—usually have a steak. When we're in Pittsburgh I often go home to see my mother in Donora. The rest of the time I like to eat at the Pittsburgh Athletic Club. In Cincinnati my favorites are the Maisonette and Jack and Klu's—that's Ted Kluszewski's place. In Chicago I like the steaks at the Singapore. In Milwaukee, Red and I usually eat lamb or beef shanks with sauerkraut at Karl Ratzsch's. I don't really like German cooking too much but it's the thing to eat in Milwaukee. This room here is also one of my favorites—especially when Red Nichols and his band are playing here. I hoped they'd be here this trip. Red Nichols always comes over and we talk."

It is hard work being a hero, but Musial is an obliging man. To almost every demand or request, he has a stock answer. He will pause for a moment, appear to debate with himself and then reply, "Why not?" On a Wednesday afternoon in Candlestick Park he said "Why not?" to a request from Charles Einstein to appear on a television documentary he was making on Willie Mays. He said "Why not?" to Jack Buck, one of the Cardinal broadcasters, who was preparing a documentary on Branch Rickey. He said "Why not?" to a persistent man named Mervyn Goodman, with the improbable title of chairman of the baseball committee of the San Francisco Press and Union League club. Musial said "Why not?" to a stranger in a box seat who asked him to come over and pose for a photograph with his two daughters because "It's their birthday," although patently they were not twins.

And one more plaque

Later, Musial was given still another plaque. It was presented at home plate by the old major league pitcher, Walter (Duster) Mails, now with the Giants' front office. As plaque English goes, it was not bad: "Batting champion, distinguished American, admired friend. All baseball has been enriched by his long association with the game. In grateful acknowledgment this plaque is presented by the San Francisco Giants."

As Mails finished, a few in the stands stood, looked around self-consciously and almost sat down. But before they could, a few others joined them, then a few more, and suddenly all of the 24,000 in the park were on their feet waving and shouting for the slender, capless and windblown figure at home plate, where the bright California sunshine picked up the red lettering and insignia on the front of his gray uniform.

Billy O'Dell, a left-hander, beat the Cardinals that afternoon and Musial did not play. But as he headed across the field at the end of the game, by chance he encountered the entire Giant bullpen contingent at home plate. All of them stopped and shook his hand.

Musial and Schoendienst did not ride the bus back to the hotel. Ever since Musial became a superstar it has been an annual custom for him and Schoendienst to have dinner and a drink as guests of Horace Stoneham during the last series the Cards play with the Giants. So they joined Stoneham and drove to his apartment.

"Usually," recalled Musial, "he has me early in the final series, and for some reason the next day I seem to get about four or five hits. I figured I'd be playing in Tuesday night's game, so I called Mr. Stoneham Monday and suggested we have dinner that night. He told me, 'No, you come out on Wednesday.' I said, 'But, Horace, we don't play here any more after that.' 'I know,' he told me. I guess he remembered the time in New York when he took me to dinner the night before a doubleheader. The next day I hit five home runs in the two games."

When the Cardinals arrived at the Philadelphia airport late on the afternoon of August 25, a chauffeur in black livery was waiting for Musial, put at his service by John Taxin, proprietor of the Old Original Bookbinders (there are two restaurants in Philadelphia bearing the Bookbinder name). Musial sent his thanks to Taxin but told the chauffeur he'd ride the bus to the Warwick Hotel along with the rest of the players. That night, with Schoendienst, he went for dinner to Bookbinders. As he did twice more while in Philadelphia, Musial ordered steamed clams and a pound-and-a-half chicken lobster.

"This," said Taxin, "is the last time you'll have to confine yourself to a little lobster like that. No more training rules for you after this year. Next year I'll step you up to a three-pounder and if you can't come here to get it, I'll send it to you wherever you are."

Before Friday night's game with the Phillies, Umpire Ken Burkhart dropped into the Cardinal dressing room to wish Musial well. Later, in the corridor outside, Burkhart said: "In seven years he has never even turned his head to look at me when I've been behind the plate. I've never known him to kick to anyone on a ball or strike call. He makes umpiring easy. If all ballplayers were Stan Musials, anybody in the United States could be a major league umpire."

Around noon on August 31, as Musial, halfway into his uniform, sat smoking one of his cigarillos and reading a paper, Dizzy Dean came by. "Stan, podner," said Dean, "how about going on with me for a pregame show tomorrow?"

"Why not?" said Musial.

Richie Ashburn, now a Philadelphia broadcaster, walked up to discuss a TV interview scheduled to go on in five minutes. It turned out that through a slipup nobody had bothered to tell Musial about it.

"Why not?" said Stan. "Let's get out there and go to work."

Musial played his 3,000th major league game that day when he pinch-hit in the 10th inning with two out, the score tied and Curt Flood on first. The crowd stood and screamed for a hit but Musial fouled out.

Before Sunday's game Toomey came to Musial in the clubhouse and told him that John Quinn, general manager of the Phillies, wanted to speak to him but didn't want to invade a visiting dressing room. Musial went to the door and Quinn shook his hand. "I've enjoyed seeing you play these many years," Quinn said. "I just want to wish you the best. You are one of the great gentlemen in the history of the game."

Mrs. Musial was in her usual box behind the visitors' dugout for all three of her son's last games in Pittsburgh. Since he joined the Cards in 1941 she has missed seeing him play in Pittsburgh only twice. "I missed those two," Mrs. Musial recalled before Saturday afternoon's game, "after I got sick at the ball park and they had to carry me away to the hospital. They took out my gall bladder, but I left the hospital in a week and was back at the park the next time Stan came to town."

In a nearby box sat Dr. Michael Duda, Musial's old high school baseball coach. Dr. Duda is now president of California (Pa.) State College. "For me he was a pitcher," Dr. Duda reminisced, "but he

continued

hit so well I played him in the outfield when he wasn't pitching. The trouble with him as a schoolboy pitcher was that we couldn't find anyone who could catch him. He might strike out 18 men but half of them would get to first on dropped third strikes."

Before the game a beauty queen from Cumberland, Md. gave Musial a key to that city. The city of Pittsburgh gave him a plaque proclaiming it to be Stan Musial Weekend. There were more certificates and plaques from the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce and the American Ethnic Groups. Mrs. Musial, in pink cotton, stood at Stan's side by home plate, clutching in one hand a new baseball, as if the feel of it reassured her that her connection with the game would remain unbroken. A mail truck rolled up and deposited 16 sacks of mail, sent to Musial as a result of a promotion stunt by KDKA, the radio station that broadcasts Pirate games. Among the letters was one from a small boy saying to Musial, "I hope things work out well for you."

Musial, who hit his first major league homer in Forbes Field in September 1941, struck out, grounded out and flied out in September 1963.

In Cincinnati the night of September 20 it was not so much the years as the days that finally caught up with Musial. He had played in 22 of the Cardinals' last 24 games, a far more demanding playing schedule than he had followed most of the year. The Cards lost that night to the Reds 1 to 0 and it suddenly struck Musial that a brave effort had finally come to nothing. Even after their three losses to the Dodgers the Cardinals had maintained a bold front and some wild hopes, based mostly on mathematics. But the shutout at the hands of the Reds ended all Cardinal pennant chances. The rest of the players knew it—and Musial knew it.

Musial played the entire game and afterward he sat almost motionless for 20 minutes in front of his locker, half out of his uniform, sipping a paper cup of beer. He was silent and he was exhausted. There is no gray in Musial's hair at 42, but that night there was gray in his face, and lines of weariness.

"I never saw a team make a better effort than this one did over the last three weeks," he finally said. "Tonight I'm tired and I feel it, but I don't feel as let down as I would if I were younger. You don't get much keyed up over anything at my age. When we left San Francisco late in August I wasn't even thinking about a pennant. We were fighting to stay out of fifth place. Then, as we started to win, I began to let myself think we had a chance, but I don't think I ever got too excited. I'm too old for that. I was glad to be playing and I just tried to do my job. I got a kick out of hitting that home run off Podres in the first game of the Dodger series but not as big a kick as I would have got 15 years ago. We had a real good shot at the Dodgers at certain points in each of the three games. A hit or two at the right place would have won each game. But we didn't get them and that's that."

In the lobby of the Netherland Hilton the next afternoon Musial encountered a small band of youngsters who had been roaming the lobby and corridors of the hotel since early morning in search of him. He began to sign his name for them rapidly, and then, without warning, an astounding event took place: Musial finally ran out of patience. A tousled boy handed him a pad. "Sign eight times on eight different sheets," he ordered. "Why not?" said Musial.

"And now," said the boy, "one more thing. I want you to come across the street with me and walk down to the end of the block and say hello to my mother and father. They're waiting in the car for me."

"No," said Musial.

The next afternoon 25,706 turned out to see him play his final game in Cincinnati. In high spirits once again he spontaneously struck up a dialogue with Joe Garagiola, the broadcaster and an old Cardinal teammate, burlesquing those ballplayers who bemoan the passing of the good old days.

"Then," shouted Musial in mock bitterness, "we didn't have any radio or any television or any writers following us around. We just played ball."

"That's right," agreed Garagiola. "We didn't have any bats, we just played ball."

"We didn't have ceremonies at home plate," said Musial. "We just played ball and we hit .370. Kids today have it too easy. We just played ball."

"No batting helmets either," snarled Garagiola. "We just let our hair grow long and we just played ball."

Ceremonies for Musial at home plate put an end to this routine. But before that, Musial walked across the field, entered the stands and climbed several rows to shake hands with Maurice Stokes, the former Cincinnati Royals basketball star, long a victim of a disabling illness.

Exhaustion was nibbling at Musial. He played seven innings against the Cubs in a losing effort that mathematically eliminated the Cardinals from the pennant race on September 24. After singling in the seventh inning he left the game for a pinch runner and retired to the clubhouse. There he piled towels on an equipment trunk, pillowed his head on them and dozed, occasionally rousing himself to listen to a radio broadcast of the game.

After the game he went with Ernie Banks on a long drive through late-afternoon traffic jams to the Better Boys Foundation on South Pulaski Road. Banks had telephoned Musial in Cincinnati asking him to make the appearance at the foundation's clubrooms, situated in the middle of a Negro district. The visit turned into a shambles. For nearly an hour television technicians from two networks fiddled with their equipment. It proved impossible to quiet the children sufficiently to enable Banks and Musial to be heard. By the time he returned to the hotel Musial was too tired to do more than nap for an hour. But then he went to a dinner party at the Club Boyar on East Delaware, one of his favorite Chicago eating places. It was a long and convivial evening. Musial relaxed happily and sang in an improvised quartet when he was not pacing the length of the table to see that everyone was having a good time.

Next day before the game Musial visited in the clubhouse with Erv Dusak, former major-leaguer and now an insurance salesman, who 22 years before, almost to the day, had been called up by the Cardinals, along with Musial, from Rochester. Dusak was considered the more promising prospect of the two. Both men looked pensively at a group picture of the 1942 Cardinals: Mort and Walker Cooper, Terry Moore, Enos Slaughter, Marty Marion, Whitey Kurowski, Howie Pollet, Johnny Beazley.

"What a gang that was," said Musial.

Mayor Richard Daley sent his official car to pick up Musial at Wrigley Field after the game. With a motor escort clearing the way, Musial rode quickly to City Hall. There, in Daley's office, packed with aldermen and city officials, the mayor gave Musial a thick bronze medal,

proclaiming him an honorary citizen of Chicago. With it went a Chicago city flag and a certificate of merit. Musial gave Daley a signed baseball and was rushed back to Wrigley Field, where a huge spray of flowers, sent to him by a Polish group, stood incongruously in front of his locker. The flowers went with Musial to St. Louis by bus and chartered Cardinal airplane.

Black clouds and threatening rain were hanging over St. Louis when Musial got up at 7:45 on the last day of his playing career. By the time he had been to Mass at nearby St. Raphael's, finished breakfast and climbed into his blue Cadillac at 10:30 for the drive to Busch Stadium, the skies were clear.

When Musial entered the Cardinal locker room 20 minutes later it was jammed with writers, photographers, TV cameramen. Stan grinned and shook his head. "I've just changed my mind," he said. "I'm not retiring." Manager Johnny Keane walked by. "Hello, John," said Musial. "Am I playing today?"

Musial walked onto the field, into the batting cage, drove two balls into the right-field stands and one against the screen. Returning to the clubhouse, he rested until 1:30. Then, walking briskly along the ramp that leads to the field, he stepped into the sunlight to face a crowd of 27,576 in the stands and a gathering of dignitaries in front of the pitcher's mound that included Ford Frick, Warren Giles, Joe Cronin, Governor John Dalton of Missouri, St. Louis Mayor Raymond Tucker, Cardinal Owner Gussie Busch, Sid Keener of the Baseball Hall of Fame, assorted local officials and the Musial family: wife Lillian, son Dick, daughters Geraldine, Janet and Jeanne. Except for the family, everyone made a speech. So did Stan.

"As long as I live," he said, "this will be the day I'll remember most. . . . If my baseball career has taught me anything it is this: the opportunity America offers any young man who wants to get to the top of his chosen career. I want to thank God for giving me the talents I have had and the good health so that the 22 years of baseball have been possible." The crowd shrieked itself hoarse.

When Musial came to bat in the first inning, it was exactly 2:25. He took the first pitch by Cincinnati's Jim Maloney and trotted over to give the ball to Sid Keener. "I'll put it in the Hall of Fame," Keener said. Musial then struck out.

In the fourth, Stan singled to center field. In the sixth inning, with Curt Flood on second and the score tied 0–0, Musial singled sharply to right, driving in Flood. Young Gary Kolb went in to run for him, and Musial trotted off the field for the last time. It was 3:47. He had ended his career as he had begun it in St. Louis in 1941, with two hits.

In the clubhouse he pulled off his shirt and hung it up. Then he patted the No. 6 and the name MUSIAL lettered across the back. "Pal," he said, "you're all right, if I do say so myself." **END**

Patient hero takes time before game in Crosley Field to sign autographs for anxious fans. 'I'll miss all the fuss,' he admitted. 'I love it.'



TWO LADIES IN SEARCH OF THE WORLD

For them, winning the Woodward Stakes meant more than another rich prize by WHITNEY TOWER





Allaire duPont watched Kelso triumph and become the favored U.S. representative in the

Among the 50,234 horseplayers at New York's Aqueduct last Saturday there were two especially jittery ladies. Each owned a horse, and each thought she had a chance in the Woodward Stakes. More important, each hoped that victory would lead to something even bigger for her horse.

Mrs. Richard C. duPont hoped her horse, Kelso, would win the Woodward for an unprecedented third consecutive year. If he did, she knew full well that Kelso would also automatically become America's Horse of the Year for the fourth time—and he would have the responsibility of defending U.S. prestige against the foreign invaders who will come to the classic Laurel (Md.) International on Nov. 11.

Katherine Price hoped that her Carry Back might go on to win this week's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris—which would have been one of the best international achievements ever to be credited to an American horse. Carry Back ran in the Arc a year ago, only to finish 10th, beaten some six lengths.

Shortly before 5 p.m. one woman's hopes were confirmed, the other's were violently dashed. Kelso won easily, clearly establishing his supremacy over the best in the U.S., but Carry Back ran a dismal fourth. Jack and Katherine Price gloomily canceled their trip to Paris, while Allaire duPont, bursting with pride in her amazing Kelso, could only gasp, "Isn't he a bird!"

Kelso, the bird, now has a justifiable claim to the title of best racehorse in the world, and were it not for the fact that he is a gelding and therefore ineligible to compete in the Paris race he would have a perfect chance to prove it at Longchamp this Sunday. But he can go a long way toward proving it at Laurel. The International promises to be a fine horse race. While Kelso appears invincible against American fields, he has yet to win at Laurel. Two years ago he was barely beaten by T.V. Lark, and last year, despite one of his best performances, he lost by a length and a half to France's Match II.

The Woodward, run for only the 10th time last week, is an important race for us because for the first time each fall it brings together—or tries to—the best older horses and top 3-year-olds on a weight-for-age basis at the Kentucky Derby distance of a mile and a quarter. Never Bend was the only one of this year's 3-year-olds to accept the challenge, and he therefore carried 120 pounds, while Kelso and the three other older horses in the race, Crimson Satan, Carry Back and Garwol, carried 126.

Kelso has given away more than 20 pounds and has won so often that the slight advantage to Never Bend seemed inconsequential. But the fact is that veteran handicappers are agreed that a six-pound weight difference in late September should give a definite edge to a 3-year-old over older horses. Sword Dancer, for example, beat older horses in the 1959 Woodward. Then Kelso came along. The only time anybody has an edge over Kelso is when Kelso stays in the barn. But Kelso doesn't. He has now won 30 out of 43 starts and $1,485,917, which puts him second only to Round Table on the alltime earnings list. Furthermore, the terrible truth for rival owners is that Kelso is so sound that





Laurel International Carry Back finished fourth, thereby ruining plans for another crack at Europe's best and a trip to Paris by Katherine Price.

Mrs. duPont and Trainer Carl Hanford could keep him running for years. There is some consolation in the fact that Mrs. duPont cannot enter him in the rich 2-year-old races, and she is far too nice a lady to change his name and try to slip him into next year's Kentucky Derby one of the few races Kelso has not won, undoubtedly because he did not run in it.

At any rate, in the Woodward, Never Bend had whatever chance there was of beating Kelso and he made the most of it. With Bill Shoemaker sitting in for grounded Manuel Ycaza, the obvious strategy was to take a big lead, then ease the pace and try to hang on in the homestretch. Garwol ran along fairly close to Never Bend for half a mile, with Kelso third. But rounding the final turn, Jockey Milo Valenzuela called upon Kelso, and he won easily by three and a half lengths in the excellent time of 2:00⅘.

The big disappointment of the race, of course, was Carry Back, who had run so commendably two weeks previously in the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City. Carry Back ran fourth the whole way. He never showed his old finishing kick, and when he finally crossed the wire he was six lengths behind third-place Crimson Satan and 14 behind Kelso. Garwol was another four lengths back in last place.

Only the Never Bend camp really hoped to beat Kelso, but Jack Price expected Carry Back to make a better showing. His jockey, John Rotz, later said, "I had a nice hold on him down the backside. I didn't think I'd beat Kelso—nobody in his right mind does. But I figured we'd be an easy second. The quarter of a mile around the far turn told the story. The others moved away from me, got the edge on me, and I could see Carry Back wasn't going to run a top race."

Did Carry Back deserve the trip to Paris after this clinker, Rotz was asked. "I would ponder it greatly," was his statesmanlike reply, "depending on how much money I had and how much I thought of the sporting world. Then I'd probably decide to go. Understand, I'm prejudiced: I've never been abroad, and I'd like to go to Paris more than anything in the world."

That could have been Jack Price talking a year ago, before Carry Back wound up 10th in the large Arc field. This time Price displayed more of a sense of realism than many have given him credit for. "If the horse had run a good fourth and had been closing on his field, it would have been one thing," he said gloomily back at the barn after the race. "But he ran a bad race, and I don't know why. When he gets beaten 14 lengths, why should I now go out and spend $15,000 to go to Paris and find out if he can run as well as he did in his last race at Atlantic City? I can run him a few times here, maybe in the Trenton Handicap, and find out a lot cheaper—but not run him against Kelso. No, thanks!"

Then, as though he had just hit upon a new way to get Carry Back once again into the winner's circle, he beamed and said, "Nope, $15,000 is too much to spend for that kind of a trip. But I tell you what we will do. We'll spend $1,000 and rent a place and have a party. We'll call it A Night in Paris, and after a while some of us may not know the difference." **END**


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BRIAN SEED

Jim Clark of Scotland is the youngest world champion Grand Prix driver, the scourge of Indianapolis and the master of an ancient Border farm, where an auld ghost walks. He should win this Sunday's race at Watkins Glen

NONE SO SWIFT AS WEE JIMMY

by ***KENNETH RUDEEN***

Gray stone buildings loomed in the headlights' glow. Suddenly a sickle-horned ram trotted out onto the narrow road. The small sports car swung past the ram, past the barns and cottages and into the courtyard of a massive stone farmhouse. It has been called Edington Mains (Eed-ington) since time out of mind. Keeping a vigil there for almost as long is a ghost known as The White Lady. The Scottish night was cool. A light went on in the house, and a housekeeper, dressed in sweater and slippers and smiling, came to the kitchen door.

"Well, Jim, you've come home," she said.

"Aye," said Jim Clark, racing driver and farmer. He walked into the kitchen and the welcome nimbus of heat from a great coal cookstove. "Well, Helen, I wonder if we might have some tea."

In the summer of Clark's leap to fame, this was to be his last journey home as a reasonably private citizen. A little more than a fortnight later, he was to capture the Italian Grand Prix and thus, at 27, become the youngest world champion driver in history. His had been a year of achievement. In May, Clark had come close to winning the Indianapolis "500." He had then triumphed in four European Grand Prix events and, shocking American racing men, had returned to the U.S. and easily won a national championship event at Milwaukee. This week, though he does not need the points, he will race in the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, N.Y.

If he thinks of it at all, Jim Clark accepts his reputation casually. Others do not. Stirling Moss, foremost among Grand Prix drivers between 1958 and 1962, thought of Clark as something special. "Clark," Moss said, "has possibly the greatest born ability of any world champion. Of Clark and myself, I would say that he is the more talented. He is not Juan Fangio. I would not put him in that class. Fangio was the one absolute of driving, but Clark may be close."

Says America's Dan Gurney, whom Moss ranks (with Britain's John Surtees) just beneath Clark at the peak of present Grand Prix competition: "Racing drivers try to spot weaknesses in one another. Offhand, I can't see any in Jimmy. If you ever should beat him when he is not having problems with his car, then you have done something worth mentioning."

A perceptive Indianapolis man, viewing the results of last spring's "500," said, "Clark showed us things that we had never seen before." It had been an article of faith among U.S. specialists that foreign road-racing men were severely handicapped at Indianapolis. But Clark finished only 34 seconds behind winner Parnelli Jones and, at one stage, before Jones's oil leak ended a remarkable chase, Clark was but 4½ seconds back and closing fast. What Clark, in his revolutionary Lotus-Ford, showed was an uncanny mastery of Indy's 140-mph corners. Once he raced side by side into the first turn with Rodger Ward, a two-time winner. Ward had the groove, the fastest, safest line through the turn. Clark went inside Ward and simply motored past him. He was relying, of course, on the road racer's technique in fast corners. "Unless you are concentrating hard," says Clark, "you either go too fast and go off the road or too slow and lose the race."

However, concentration is not always enough. Two days after Milwaukee, something snapped in the steering gear of Clark's Lotus-Ford during a test run at the Trenton, N.J. speedway. He crashed into a wall at 100 mph, but walked from the wreckage unhurt. That night, he was *continued*

on a jet back to London. He spent the next day going over his mail in London and late in the afternoon climbed into his Lotus Elan sports car and drove like the wind over 350 miles of twisting English roads to reach Scottish soil by midnight. He might have been seriously injured or killed the day before. Had the memory of this slowed him down? No. I accompanied him, and he amply proved during the journey from London that Trenton had impaired neither his courage nor his skills.

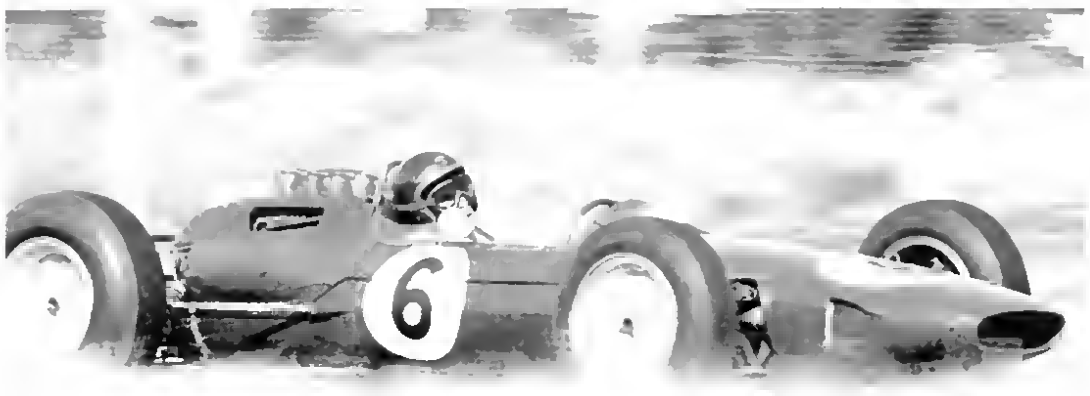
Except in sharp turns, at traffic circles, in cities (where Clark scrupulously respected speed limits, there are none on the open road) and when overtaking dawdlers, Clark's foot was all the way into the Elan. The road was the A-1, a main highway, but one with more kinks than a boa constrictor, and there was a moderate amount of traffic. During the entire trip, most of it in darkness, Clark's touch was sure. Not once did he have to hit his brakes for a panic slowdown. Never did he put the tail of the Elan out in an incipient slide—and more often than not he was driving at 100 to 110 mph. Moss has said that he regards "the ability to drive fast cars a little faster than most people as an intangible, almost abstract thing, like an ear for music, but with a motor car perhaps it is balance." Those who have analyzed Clark's driving insist on the point: his balance is phenomenal. It is "Jimmy," the English driver Sir John Whitmore has said, "is the best driver who ever lived." He just might be, I thought, as English hedges whizzed past in a blur, although when dismounted I am inclined to second Moss on Fangio.

Beyond Berwick-upon-Tweed and its fretwork of bridges, Clark entered Scotland. The blacktop roads were empty, and Clark was soon enjoying his tea. This began a few days seized from an insanely complicated professional life. Clark refreshed himself in his native land, and what follows has mainly to do with that interlude, because the biggest single fact about Clark is his Scottishness. Blood and bone of the strong, amiable, upright farming men of the Scottish Lowlands, James Clark, like the James Clark before him and the James Clark before him, is middle-sized (5 feet 7½) and slender, with thick dark-brown hair, gray eyes and a husky, slightly nasal voice. Somber at times, he seems suddenly lighthearted and boyish when he smiles.

At first, at home, he was grave. When he put down his cup, he turned wearily to another stack of mail. "Farming can be hard physical work," he said, "but I am so rarely home that it is mostly a matter of pushing a blooming pen."

He worked late. If The White Lady was abroad, she was discreet. Clark says her rustling has awakened other visitors. Her pedigree is lost in time, but word of her presence has been handed down through generations of farmers at fortresslike Edington Mains, parts of which are said to be 500 years old.

The next morning was vintage Scottish gray. Up early, Clark took what seems to be his invariable farm breakfast: Rice Krispies, tea, toast and a poached egg. He breakfasted in his office, a high-ceilinged Spartan room where an electric heater in the fireplace fended off the summer's cold. On the wall was a chart of the farm fields, each with an ancient name. From the bend of Whiteadder Water on the south, as the chart showed, the Clark farm stretched about two miles north to a parcel called the Wee Ploughlands, and at midsection extended one mile from the wood called Lazyheds Plantation to Big Howleas field. It is a farm of 1,200 acres.



CORNERING A LOTUS-CLIMAX RACER, CLARK DISPLAYS STYLE THAT HAS MADE HIM WORLD CHAMPION

"I was born north of here in Fife County," he said, "where Father first had a farm. I was 6 when we moved here. The North Sea is seven miles to the east. Father and I are partners in this place, which we own, and in another 1,200-acre farm 25 miles to the southwest, at Kelso, where Father and Mother live. It is called Kerchesters, and we rent it from the Duke of Roxburgh.

"This is very much a country community. Father took me out of school when I was 16, gave me a dog and stick and said, 'Get on with it!' "

At Edington Mains, Clark keeps up to 2,000 sheep, including Suffolk, Oxford and Border Leicester purebreds, assorted cattle to fatten for slaughter, and he grows beets for feed and grain for cash.

It had been a wet summer, even for Scotland. Clark got up from breakfast, put on high rubber Wellington boots and went out to consult with his steward, William Campbell, and shepherd, Peter Lawrie. With the assistance of Clark Sr., they run Edington Mains and supervise the 14 other hands when young Clark is away. Then Jim was off to nearby Duns, to see his accountants.

Later he set out from the farm for Edinburgh, 40 miles away, in an 80-mph sedan rented by a photographer. On the first sharp bend the car's tail swung out. "Deary me," said Clark disgustedly, "the left rear tire's low." And so it was, as we discovered when we reached Duns. We changed tires and proceeded

continued

Watches shown (l. to r.) Sea Rover II $39.95, A-400 $89.50, Dateline T-675 Calendar $95, Nautilus 400 (505 Electric) $115. All prices plus tax.



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'64 Dodge

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

to Edinburgh. While he called on his dentist, the car was hastily swapped at the rental agency for a 100-mph model, deemed more worthy of the chauffeur.

Clark has four older sisters, no brothers. We stopped at sister Isobel's in Edinburgh and picked up his mother, Mrs. Helen Clark. She is white-haired and matronly and thoroughly alarmed at the thought of the risks her son takes ("It is such a worry to me"). Clark and his parents have come to an uneasy truce in the matter. He drove briskly but not at top speed to the senior Clark's farm.

There hardly can be lovelier rural countryside than that extending from Edinburgh to the Cheviot Hills. The good lands were green with pasture or golden with barley, rolling in gentle undulations and marked here and there by patches of wood, and the had lands, the moor lands, wore garlands of purple heather. The Clarks' stately ivied house, commanding a sublime view of Roxburgh's estates, bore the date 1839 on the lintel.

Clark Sr. appeared in the doorway, grizzled, mustached and ruddy of face, and moving slowly because of arthritis. It is on Jim Clark's conscience that he is not at home more to lift some of the burdens of his father's advancing years. But James Clark obviously has always been able to cope.

His broad Scottish speech flowed in hospitable welcome, and the "wee drap" offered turned out to be half a glassful of Crawford's best whisky. Jim abstained; he does not drink hard liquor. The elder Clark pridefully showed off the farm, driving a small, sturdy Rover. He presided at high tea in a dining room of a size that has nearly disappeared from the earth, poured additional wee drinks, talked of animals and crops and, finally and reluctantly, bade his son goodby.

The next morning Jim Clark occupied himself with farm matters: shopping for a trailer, sending 10 head of fat bullocks (steers) through the auction ring at Berwick-upon-Tweed. As the white-coated auctioneer chanted prices, hefty steers entered, circled and left the ring, and Clark conversed with other farmers. He was enjoying himself, among his own kind. Each man wore what amounts to a uniform: tweed jacket and trousers, checked shirt, plaid tie and, for most, a sporting cap.

Whether Clark might give up racing entirely for the country life is often discussed. Sir John Whitmore, who perhaps knows him best, thinks not. "Jimmy does motor racing because he enjoys it. If he ceased to enjoy it, he would quit. But you just can't go back. The more you have seen of life, the more you see in life. When Jimmy gives up driving he will still be a farmer, but he will also have to have something outside."

Clark clearly enjoys both aspects of his life. About farming he says: "There is a kind of freshness in it. It is not routine. You feel that you are creating something. We are friendly here, everybody knows everybody else. In London I don't even know the people in the house next door. It was sort of a shock to realize one day that not everyone in London was friends.

"I started racing because I was curious to see what I could do. I found that I liked it. I am still curious, and I still enjoy it. I have raced nearly every weekend this summer in Europe and in America. There is nothing I enjoy more than fast cornering. When I am really going fast through a corner, it is as if the car and I are all molded into one."

This oneness with a racing car has been described before by other drivers, including America's 1961 world champion, Phil Hill, but coming from the taciturn Scot it seemed eloquent. Clark despises interviews, and the sum of his quoted remarks in print is scanty.

After the bullock sale Clark consented to pose for pictures in his kilt, which he seldom wears these days although he considers it a garment for any occasion, and after that to an hour or so of talk about racing. Clark began to race, sparingly, in 1956 and 1957. In 1958 and 1959, by winning no fewer than 45 sports car races, he began to attract the attention of top works teams. Fittingly, these successes were for a home-county group of farmers known as the Border Reivers, which means raiders.

In 1960 he signed to race a British Aston Martin Grand Prix single-seater that never really got going. He switched in midseason to the Lotus factory team of the alarmingly talented designer, Colin Chapman. It was Chapman who designed Lotus' Indianapolis chassis, which has made America's track roadsters all but obsolete.

Rarely has youthful promise been realized so quickly. In 1962 Clark won three world championship point races, including the U.S. Grand Prix, and led in every event in which his Climax-engined Lotus was functioning properly. But because a threepenny bolt failed in the final race, letting out the oil at a time when Clark was way ahead of his rival, Britain's Graham Hill, he lost the race and the world championship. This year,



TALKING SHEEP, Clark confers with Shepherd Peter Lawrie (*center*) and a farmhand.

with commendable Scottish foresight, he clinched the championship early.

The issue was still slightly in doubt as Clark lounged in a sitting room at Edington Mains and reflected on a race in which he had been very, very good. It was this June's Belgian Grand Prix, run over a breathtakingly fast 8¾-mile course near Spa and the Ardennes country.

"I flew to Spa with Colin Chapman in his Piper Comanche," Clark recalled. "We were to practice Friday and Saturday and race Sunday. The circuit is so fast that I feel relieved when the race is over; I feel that way about no other course.

"At Spa you start downhill past the pits and then move through a series of

continued

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uphill bends. Then comes a bit of wood. Quite fast through there—125 to 130 mph. Then comes a series of long fast bends, with trees alongside the road. You arrive at the second slowest corner, which is taken at 80 to 90. That is the start of a long downhill section through open country and around the 140-mph sweep of Burnenville corner, which leads onto a straight. With our cars the top speeds are 160 plus. In the middle of the straight is a fast S bend. Everybody lifts nowadays, and speeds drop to 150. If you slide, it is into a substantial house.

"There is a fair bit of straight into Stavelot corner, which you take at 120. That is where the circuit climbs to a point above the pits again in a series of very fast corners. At one place you go over someone's doorstep. At the second house an old lady always exercises her right to cross the road—it is a public road normally—to get a pail of water from her well. She reckons that she has been there longer than Jim Clark or Graham Hill. You have to be careful of that old lady tottering across the road. Then it is down to a 30-mph hairpin and the pits.

"I went out for the first practice and the gearbox wouldn't work. Before the race I had three different boxes in the car, all because of gear-selector trouble. Eventually I had just three laps in which to qualify for the starting grid and only just managed to get into the second row.

"On the way to the circuit for the race, rain came bucketing down, but at the start the sun was out and drying the road a little. I managed to get round the leading cars and into the first corner first. Graham hung on for quite a while. In one lap we got 15 seconds up on the rest of the field. About the fourth lap the car suddenly started popping out of top gear, which had been the trouble in practice. So I had to start holding it in gear through the fast bends, steering with one hand on a damp track, which wasn't fun.

"I lost five seconds to Graham while I sorted out how to drive one-handed at 140 to 160 mph. Then Graham's car blew up. At half distance it started raining on the back part, but not at the pits. The rain was so heavy at times that I could not see the road ahead and had to steer by telephone poles silhouetted against the sky along the road. It was like driving on black ice; at times it felt as if a solid wall of water was falling.

Soon it was raining on all parts of the circuit. Everything became sort of opaqued by water streaming down my goggles. My lap speeds dropped from 125 mph to 78. At the end I was frozen through, it was so bloody cold, but I was a lap ahead of everyone else."

Thus, the glamorous life of a Grand Prix driver. Clark prefers better weather, used though he is to the damps of Scotland, and he especially relishes the sun, the view of snow-capped Pyrenees mountains and the tricky around-the-houses race-driving of Pau in southern France. He is not enthusiastic about Indianapolis and its 500-mile race.

Publicly, Clark has been a perfect sport and has not criticized the decision to let Parnelli Jones finish despite an obvious oil leak. Privately, he grumbles a bit. That letting Jones finish was clearly according to precedent was of little solace to Clark, who accepted at face value the often repeated official threat that any car leaking oil would be black-flagged. Officials have been saying that for years, and plenty of oil has been spilled without penalty. But in his heart Clark believes that he was the victim of a home-town decision.

At Edington Mains, Clark revealed a startling fact about the "500." He said, "I got into trouble from the buffeting my head was taking in wind currents set up by the other cars. At halfway, I could no longer hold my head up straight. I had to rest it against the side of the windscreen. It was a matter of sort of gritting my teeth and bashing on.

"Actually, I had no really sharp feeling about dicing with Parnelli; I just wanted to get past the bloke and get the race over with. I will go back to Indianapolis if Lotus wants me to, but, quite honestly, I have no great hankering to go back."

That evening we visited Clark's neighbor, Ian Scott Watson, leading spirit in the Border Reivers and a member of the farming gentry. He is thin, tweedy and bespectacled and has set Berwickshire tongues wagging by building a modern house and a swimming pool.

"Are you daft, putting in a swimming pool!" inquired Clark, as cocktails were served. "I thought we had enough of cold showers at school."

Scott Watson grinned and reflected on Clark's first taste of racing: "I had a

continued

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DKW saloon car to race at Crimond, up north in Aberdeenshire, in 1956. Jim came along to change tires and generally help out. I thought I would give him a wee chance to have a wee go. Well, his first standing lap was three seconds faster than my best flying lap, and I had been practicing all morning. I thought then that he had the qualities to be a marvelous racing driver. Then I really studied Grand Prix racing and saw how extremely tough it is. I wondered if Jim could make it after all." Needless to say, no doubts now remain.

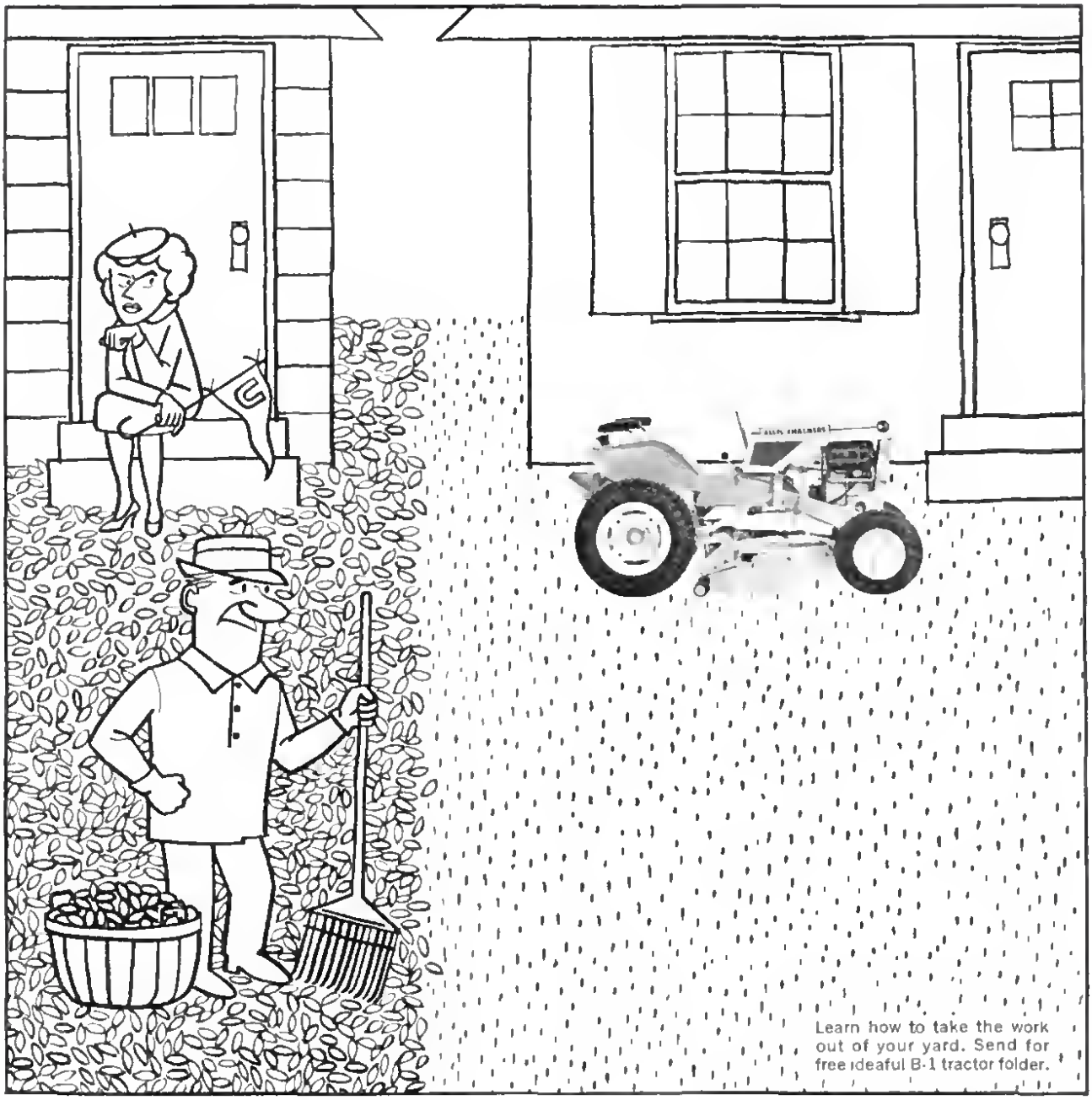
Clark had a date to kiss a beauty queen in the town of Galashiels, 25 miles away. It was dark, and rain was falling. Clark's preparations for rain driving at night consist of 1) switching on the headlights, and 2) starting the wipers. Then he drives exactly as in daylight on dry pavement. It was easy to see how he had sharpened his racing talents ("Dad wasn't able to understand why my car always required so much more maintenance than his"). The narrow, serpentine home-country roads he knows well could make a dozen fabulous race courses. In rain and darkness he cornered a big, heavy sedan at 80 and 90 mph with absolutely stunning security.

The beauty contest was held in a barnlike hall where, as we arrived, youngsters in pegged trousers and funny haircuts were beating out twist music for approximately 700 other youngsters, all happily twisting. It might have been Peoria or Kalamazoo. One girl was chosen as Billy Butlin's Border Princess, and to her went a kiss from Jim Clark.

As a national hero, Clark is the most sensationally eligible bachelor from the Cheviots to John o'Groats. Said one of the contest judges, operator of a beauty salon, "When Heather in our shop sees Jim's car passing by she is absolutely useless for the rest of the day."

Come-hither looks were flying at Clark from a hundred Border lassies as he stayed to watch the twisting. When he walked out of the hall into the cold Scottish rain, a hefty Wee Geordie type who had had a wee drap too many kept repeating, "Jim, lad, if ye don't win it this year, ye'll win it next, Jim lad."

Neither had long to wait. As Clark's tires sang over the wet roads to Edington Mains, the championship of the world was just around the corner. **END**



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As it gets on into autumn in Ireland, the blackthorn is laced with ice, the hazel coverts where the woodcock lie, brown as old leaves, glow purple, you hear the wild, edgy cry of snipe and you know the shooting will be fine. There are no bag limits, the seasons are long and in some counties you can get your snipe, 'cock, mallard, widgeon, teal, geese and plover all in a single day. But the greatest joy of shooting in Ireland is the freedom with which one can move around. Very little land is posted and you can hunt almost anywhere—and for nothing—although it is polite to ask permission of a farmer (right, in Tralee) and be careful to close his gates and not knock his field walls down. It is this feeling of liberty, putting up a woodcock here and a wisp of snipe there, that attracts the foreign sportsman.





A gillie, his shooters and a Labrador stop for lunch at Waterville in Kerry.

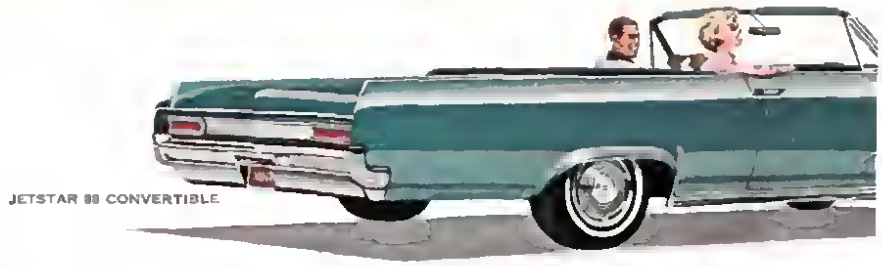






A woodcock flies from Carrig mountain over the far, patterned fields of Kerry.

Leaving prints in the frosted leas (left), hunters seek snipe at Westport in Mayo.



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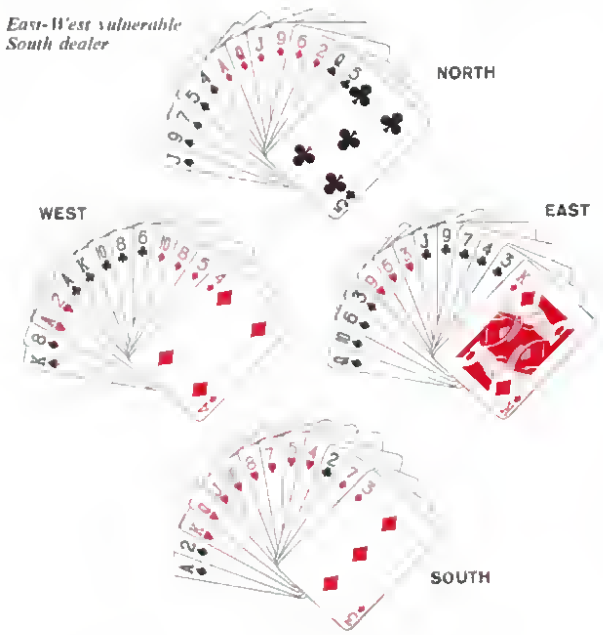
BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

Never play for the impossible

Alvin Roth, who is on the team that won both the Vanderbilt and Spingold championships this year, is a fine theorist as well as a top player. If he has any weakness it is a tendency to display what can be graciously called "partner intolerance." He delivers extended sermons after hands in which the results have been bad—and occasionally he does it even when the results are good. This is especially true when his partner is female. He has long claimed, in fact, that mixed-pair events should be abolished. Yet one of the hands he is proudest of (*below*) occurred in the 1953 Mixed Team of Four Championship—which his team won—even though it was his female partner who had the last word.

Against Roth, who was sitting South, West took his club king and then led the ace. Roth ruffed and played the king of hearts. West took the heart ace and shifted to the king of spades, won by South's ace. Superficially, at this point, Roth had two possible plays for the contract. He could take a diamond finesse and, if it succeeded and the king dropped, he could make the rest of the tricks. Or he could play West to hold the queen of spades, since he had led the king, and lead up to the jack of spades in dummy, hoping to get a diamond discard on a third-round spade winner. Roth paused to take an inventory of the bidding.

East-West vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	PASS	1♠	PASS
4♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: king of clubs

West had already shown up with the ace-king of clubs, the ace of hearts and the king of spades. Since East-West were vulnerable against nonvulnerable opponents, it would have been unsound tactics for them to be trying to trap North-South, hoping they would overbid and be subject to a big penalty. So, if West held either the king of diamonds or the queen of spades, it was virtually impossible for him to have passed the opening heart bid. Roth therefore concluded that East must hold both the missing honors and that the best way to make the contract was by an end play. Roth expected to force East down to a blank queen of spades and the king and one diamond. Then he would lead a spade to put East in, and East would be forced to lead into dummy's diamond ace-queen. So declarer ran off all his trumps, ending with the spade jack and the diamond ace-queen as dummy's last three cards. Before executing the final play, however, Roth paused for one more assessment of the situation. West had begun with only two hearts and with only one or two spades. Surely, if he had held six clubs, he would have ventured a two-club overcall. Therefore, Roth figured West must have held five clubs, two hearts, two spades and four diamonds. Having already decided that the king of diamonds must be in East's hand, Roth switched his plan. Instead, he led a diamond and went up with dummy's ace, dropping the singleton king.

After this coup, Roth sat back to await commendation from partner, Mrs. Edith Kemp. Instead, she said: "Don't you think, Al, once you decided the diamond king was blank you should have gone all out? If you left the jack of diamonds in dummy and discarded the jack of spades, you could have made an overtrick!" For once, a partner was one up on Alvin.

EXTRA TRICK

A most important factor in good dummy play is counting out the unseen hands—not only for high cards, but for their probable distribution. This lets you restrict your plays to those that have at least a chance of working. **END**



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In the breathless heat of Los Angeles' Coliseum, Oklahoma held on to the ball almost twice as long as USC and soundly thrashed the country's top-ranked team

Long after the last reveling fan from Oklahoma had fallen out of the night, the echoes of *Boomer Sooner* were still glancing off the hills around Los Angeles. Coach Bud Wilkinson's University of Oklahoma Sooners had beaten Southern California, the defending national champion, 17–12 in a magnificent college football game. And so many whooping Okies—more than 5,000—had flooded in to see it that stunned Californians might have thought the Dust Bowl refugees were back to pick oranges again. Oklahomans had been singing *Boomer Sooner* since Thursday in the Los Angeles jazz pits, in the strip joints and in the steak houses. By Saturday night their joy was almost boundless. Oklahoma had climbed back on top, and it had climbed there over the gallant but thoroughly defeated USC Trojans.

Admittedly, Oklahomans have had plenty of football teams to sing about in the past, but they have not had many victories as sweet or as important as the one over USC. On the fiery grid of the Memorial Coliseum—the heat on field got up to 118°—Bud Wilkinson's deep, brutal Sooners beat the Trojans man for man. Hammering away in Wilkinson's ball-control fashion, they provided the still-fresh 1963 season with a most astonishing statistic. On a day when the Coliseum floor scarcely gave off a wisp of air to breathe, when special bamboo canopies had been built to shade the players on the sidelines and men sat in the press box without shirts, the Sooners ran 100 plays.

One hundred plays for 100 degrees may be a record that even Hollywood cannot top, and it tells the story of the game. USC, always desperate to get the ball from the ground-swallowing, clock-destroying Sooners, got off only 57 plays by comparison. For flurries of seven and eight minutes at a time the Trojans never touched the ball. People like Oklahoma's Jim Grisham, the country's best fullback, and swift Joe Don Looney, the halfback, ripped off quick, flashy gains as two Oklahoma lines ran straight at the lighter, stunting Trojans. In so doing, Oklahoma plowed up 307 yards rushing against a team that had been proud of its defense.

Oklahoma was wonderfully prepared for USC Coach John McKay's revolutionary shifting T that caught so many teams unaware a year ago. Wilkinson solved the formation by sending a linebacker with USC's man in motion, by forcing Southern Cal's fast backs inside with superb tackle play by Ralph Neely and George Stokes and by gambling with man-for-man pass coverage on Hal Bedsole and Willie Brown. Guessing right almost every time and agitating Bedsole into dropping the only three passes he touched, Oklahoma gave USC's fine quarterback, Pete Beathard, the short passes but only one long throw. Once in the second quarter, when USC threatened to get back from a 14–6 deficit, Oklahoma "rained" on Beathard.

Slyly, Oklahoma had held off the rush, letting just three linemen charge, and Beathard was taking advantage of this. But now the Sooners stormed six men through, and Beathard not only was swarmed under for a 21-yard loss but fumbled and lost the ball. The momentum of this big play carried Oklahoma to a 17–6 half-time lead.

Oklahoma had more than momentum. It had more tricks than any Wilkinson team had ever displayed. The old quarterback option plays were back and sophomore Mike Ringer and junior Bob Page ran them in the best traditions of such past masters as Jack Mitchell, Darrell Royal and Eddie Crowder. There was a yawning double reverse that resulted in a beautiful 19-yard touchdown by Looney; a double-reverse pass; a halfback pass by left-handed passer Lance Rentzel; a fake field goal; the old no-huddle fast break; the pitchout to a trailing end; the blind pitchout. They all worked.

Only one Wilkinson trick failed—and it cost Oklahoma another touchdown. The Sooners took the second-half kickoff and, with Grisham and Looney bulling and squirting for repetitious chunks of yardage, kept possession for eight minutes, driving 79 yards to USC's one-yard line. It seemed that the only way USC would ever get its hands on a football again would be to buy one. But on the edge of the Trojan goal, as Page called signals, an Oklahoma end suddenly raised up, stepped backward and said, "Wait a minute. Check." The Sooners snapped the ball on "check," and Grisham crossed the goal line. That was the trick. The trouble was that the other Oklahoma end also raised up on the play. Oklahoma rightfully was penalized for illegal motion.

Oklahoma did not need to resort to such devious methods. It had too much else. Too much Looney. Too much Grisham. Too much up front. "They block and tackle. That's what they have best," said John McKay, a gracious loser.

No quitters, the Trojans

The blockers and tacklers were surprised that the Trojans hung on so gamely. "We took it to 'em," said Grisham, "but they stuck with us." Said Looney: "This was no upset." McKay could not have agreed more. "There are 50 good college teams in this country, and any of them is capable of beating the others on a given day," he said.

If it seemed that Bud Wilkinson had poured all of his knowledge into this one game, that was because Oklahoma had been struggling to regain a position so lofty it may never again be attained by any team or coach. When Wilkinson's teams collapsed in 1960 (3-6-1) and again in 1961 (5-5), the crash was loud. Wilkinson had won three national champion-

continued

ships, 13 straight conference championships, had produced 26 different All-America players, had won 47 straight games and had fielded five perfect-record (10–0) teams. He had brought to his profession a new image of a coach, an organization man, a diplomat. He had reversed the trend from size to speed. Tactically, he gave the modern game the 5-4 Oklahoma defense, varied split T line spacing, the simple checkoff play, the hip handoff, the fullback off-tackle series and many other refinements. And he smiled an awful lot.

Last week in the hours preceding the USC game, Wilkinson, 47 and white-haired, was still smiling, still a diplomat and, as he would later prove, still quite a football coach. When the Oklahoma squad arrived on Thursday in record 109° heat, Wilkinson quickly canceled a scheduled workout in the Rose Bowl. He further decided against a night workout, though USC was working at night. "It's better to let them romp around on the hotel lawn and not break our routine with a night workout," Wilkinson said. "I want them to eat when they're accustomed to eating."

Nor would Oklahoma's eating schedule be broken the second day. The temperature was one degree cooler, 108°, when Wilkinson took his team to the Coliseum for a first look and an absurdly short 7-minute drill. But Oklahoma's spare time was not wasted. Wilkinson sat on a sofa at Pasadena's Huntington-Sheraton Hotel and moved toy players around on a table for his quarterbacks. Line Coach Gomer Jones met repeatedly with his linebackers. Other assistants showed films of OU players running the USC offense, while Oklahoma's players sat attentively and shouted, "I've got him," "Direction," "East," "Cover," "West, West."

Said Wilkinson, "We know them pretty well, I think. We both know each other. It should come down to the players' talents and the breaks. I only know that we're going to have a lot of people where they plan to be."

Oklahomans have been worried that Wilkinson will not be at OU much longer. The oldest rumors in the state concern his interest in politics. Sidestepping all questions with the aplomb of his halfback, Joe Don Looney, Wilkinson would only say, "I'm not tired of coaching. Unfortunately," he added, "if you want to keep coaching, you have to win and the pressure is much greater when you're winning. Losing is not enjoyable, but it's easy. Most of the time there is nothing you can do about it. You are generally outmaterialed. I'm very surprised that we won as long as we did. There were three reasons for our decline. First, there was a down cycle of Oklahoma high school talent. Our athletes are pretty local. They nearly always come from a 300-mile radius of the campus, and Okla-

AFTER TRICKY DOUBLE REVERSE, OKLAHOMA'S JOE DON LOONEY CUTS 19 YARDS THROUGH SCATTERED USC DEFENSE TO TOUCHDOWN



homa has only 185 high schools, compared to Texas' 936. And since most of our best athletes have been Oklahoma boys (18 of 26 All-Americas), the down cycle hurt. We went into Texas and got more boys than usual for a while there, but, with few exceptions, we don't get the most-wanted Texas boys. Second, I believe there was an erosion of dedication—a boredom with winning, perhaps —on the part of all of us. The players, the fans—the summer jobs sort of fell off —and maybe we didn't coach as well, either. Finally, the conference grew stronger at the bottom.

"Today, we're in the process of rebuilding. We've got some fine young players, and, potentially, two or three of them can be as good at their positions as any we've ever had. Next year we'll have almost everyone back (only six of the best 33 are seniors). I believe we're coming back." Wilkinson, a nifty political dodger, seems to have a point there.



FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. USC (1-1) 2. AIR FORCE (2-0) 3. OREGON STATE (2-0)

For Big Six teams last Saturday was the kind of a day nobody should ever have to face again. At home or abroad they suffered horribly, the biggest blow being OKLAHOMA's swacking of USC. Stanford, too, went down, but if its loss was less glorious at least it was to OREGON, 36–7. Fortunately, some Big Six rooters were spared the sight of watching their heroes crumble Washington, UCLA and California were beaten on the road. Only WASHINGTON STATE survived. The Cougars got a tie.

At Stanford the familiar oompahs of the student band were missing for the first time in some 50 years. The band was on strike to protest the dismissal of its director and because the new director wanted to integrate the 110-piece group with nonstudents. With no music to play by, Stanford was as flat against Oregon as a bruised C note. Backs fumbled the ball away six times, and the defense, caught looking for the celebrated Mel Renfro, was ravaged for 513 yards by other equally racy Ducks. Quarterback Bob Berry was the big gainer. He passed for 216 yards and two touchdowns and ran for a third. Some advice to the band: please, please come back.

Colorado State, after breaking its 26-game losing streak, was suddenly brought back to reality by AIR FORCE. The competent Falcons, led by Quarterback Terry Isaacson, ran through, over and around the Rams, trouncing them 69–0. Isaacson darted and wriggled to four touchdowns, two on runs of 47 and 39 yards.

For a while OREGON STATE, which four days before had had 31 players laid low by a virus, was not sure that it would have enough able bodies to send against Colorado. But Saturday all were back, and when the slow Colorado linemen tried to put a rush on Quarterback Gordon Queen, he just threw over them to elusive End Vern Burke for three scores and to Len Frketich for a fourth. The Beavers won easily, 41–6.

Utah State Coach Tony Knap thought he knew how to beat WYOMING. "They come across that line of scrimmage like mad dogs," so, he reasoned, "we'll trap them and shorten up the pass routes." It sounded good, but the Aggie pass defense was too skimpy. Cowboy Quarterback Jeff Hartman slipped in a touchdown pass, Halfback Rick Desmaris ripped through the line, and Wyoming won 21–14. Utah's strategy didn't work, either. IDAHO's big line stopped Halfback Ron Coleman's run for two points with 36 seconds to go. Idaho won 10–9.

After a sad first week things were looking brighter for Arizona teams ARIZONA STATE held off New Mexico State long enough to eke out a 14–13 victory, while ARIZONA found a fourth-string quarterback, Gene Dahlquist, who had a hand in three touchdowns and Brigham Young fell 33–7.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PENN STATE (2-0) 2. NAVY (2-0) 3. PITT (2-0)

Just about everything is jazzed up at PITT these days. Coach John Michelosen still roams the sidelines, but now passes float through the air like so much tossed confetti, and last Saturday a huge sign on the wall in Pitt Stadium informed visiting Washington, "We're ready with Freddy." The Panthers were. Quarterback Fred Mazurek directed Pitt to a 13–6 victory. Skillfully handling a freewheeling attack full of deceptive reverses, options and pass plays, Mazurek sneaked over from the one-yard line for Pitt's first touchdown and completed 11 out of 16 passes, including a 14-yarder to End Joe Kuzneski for a second one. He also harassed Washington dreadfully on defense. When the Huskies threatened with 10 minutes to go, Freddy was ready. He intercepted Bill Douglas' pass on the 13-yard line and took Pitt on an 86-yard drive that fizzled out on the Husky one. Even Chancellor Edward H. Litchfield, who watched the "new" Panthers through huge field glasses from his command post on the 50-yard line, liked what he saw. "This is the kind of game I've wanted around here for a long time," he said.

Despite some flashy passing and catching by Quarterback Pete Liske and Halfback Junior Powell out of its new swing T, PENN STATE needed a 32-yard field goal by Ron Coates to put down stubborn UCLA 17–14. Using Z-Back Don Caum mostly as a decoy, Liske completed 19 out of 27 passes, nine to Powell, who carried one 52 yards for a touchdown. But the pesky Bruins found a way to beat the Lions' defense. They sent Quarterback Larry Zeno rolling out away from State's monster linebacker, and he passed for two touchdowns.

NAVY's Roger Staubach picked at William and Mary with his deft passes (12 out of 17 for 206 yards) and serambling runs (for 91 yards), set a new Navy record for total offense as the Indians succumbed 28–0. ARMY got around to unveiling its passing game, and Quarterback Rollie Stichweh, although no Staubach, was respectable

continued

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enough. He completed nine out of 14 as the Cadets beat Cincinnati 22–0.

BOSTON COLLEGE spotted Wichita 10 points and then had to hustle back on Jack Concannon's passing to beat the Shockers 22–16. WEST VIRGINIA's Jerry Yost and Dick Leftridge were too much for Boston U and the Terriers lost 34–0. HOLY CROSS and BUFFALO played to a 6–6 tie.

DARTMOUTH and HARVARD, the Ivy League favorites, had their troubles. Dartmouth barely beat Bucknell 20–18. HARVARD battled MASSACHUSETTS to a 0–0 tie. Meanwhile COLUMBIA, PRINCETON and PENN looked like challengers. Archie Roberts threw for three touchdowns and ran for two as Columbia thumped Brown 41–14; Fullback Cosmo Iacavazzi, bombing away for 102 yards, led Princeton to a 24–0 win over Rutgers. Penn trounced Lafayette 47–0. YALE squeezed past Connecticut 3–0, but Cornell lost to COLGATE 21–17.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OKLAHOMA (2-0) 2. NORTHWESTERN (2-0) 3. WISCONSIN (2-0)

Through years of spectacular but futile pursuit of the Big Ten championship, NORTHWESTERN's brilliance has been exceeded only by its erraticism. The Wildcats' 34–21 defeat of Indiana was no exception. A title favorite, Northwestern handed the ball to Indiana on fumbles and intereceptions in their own territory four times in the first 40 or so minutes, and the Hoosiers led 21–14 in the third quarter. Then, along came Halfback Willie Stinson, with a 91-yard kickoff return to tie the score; Tom Myers (who had never run or rolled out in high school, let alone college) rolled and ran, Pete Stamison kicked a 34-yard field goal from a bad angle; a fumble set up another touchdown; and the line forced a safety. "Man," said Coach Ara Parseghian, "in one game I age 600 years."

WISCONSIN, the Big Ten's other practitioner of heart-stopping football, waited until the last 67 seconds to overhaul better-than-expected Notre Dame 14–9. The Irish led from the moment they got the ball, and Wingback Jack Snow flashed 24 yards to cap an eight-play, 86-yard drive. Very late in the first half Wisconsin came alive as Hal Brandt connected twice with Jim Jones to score, finally won the game on Ralph Kurek's last-minute plunge.

NEBRASKA Quarterback Dennis Claridge beat Minnesota 14–7 with a 65-yard pass to End Tony Jeter. For the Gophers the defeat was especially bitter because Claridge, from surburban Minneapolis, had once attended Minnesota.

Improved California met vastly improved ILLINOIS at Champaign. It also met sophomore Halfback Sam Price (200 pounds, 9.5 in the 100) and defeat, 10–0. Dragging defenders along, Price crunched 10 yards on a cutback off left tackle to score the only touchdown. Also introduced was second-string sophomore Quarterback Fred Custardo, who carried 41 yards and completed seven of nine passes.

OHIO STATE's Woody Hayes, shifting from his fullback habits, presented the ball to his halfbacks for a change. They carried on 38 of 58 rushes, gained 183 of OSU's 220 yards as State beat Texas A&M 17–0. Paul Warfield and Tyrone Barnett alone outgained the entire A&M offense.

Another surprise ballcarrier softened up SMU for a 27–16 loss to MICHIGAN. Wolverine Guard Joe O'Donnell faked a punt and swept left end for a 50-yard touchdown. "I've been wanting to do that for a long time," he said. MICHIGAN STATE had only one surprise for North Carolina: soccer-style-kicker Lou Bobich, who sideswiped one field goal from the 25, barely missed another from the 43. The Spartans won 31–0.

To listen to Coach Ben Schwartzwalder and Jack Mitchell, even showing up at the Syracuse-KANSAS game was a mistake. After his Orange got squeezed 10–0 by Gale Sayers and Co., Schwartzwalder knew it was. Mitchell was a happy, if bad, guesser.

Less happy was WASHINGTON STATE, which tied 14–14 with IOWA. With fourth down and a 35-yard Cougar field-goal try coming up, confused officials deprived State of the down and the chance for an upset victory.

THE BEST

LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Huge (215 pounds, 6 feet 5) UCLA End Mel Profit caught four passes, blocked a Penn State pass and spilled runners all over the field before he was injured and left game to a standing ovation.

BACK OF THE WEEK: Apparently unbothered by hard rain and deep mud, Georgia Tech Quarterback Billy Lothridge once again accounted for all of his team's points as he led the Yellow Jackets to a 27-0 win over Clemson.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (2-0) 2. TCU (2-0) 3. ARKANSAS (1-1) and RICE (1-0)

Premed Quarterback Walter McReynolds sliced up LSU's Chinese Bandits with 11 of 21 completed passes, two for touchdowns, as RICE won 27–12. McReynolds' autopsy confirmed the preliminary diagnosis: the Bandits are dead. Rice led 21–0 before LSU even scored.

Big End George Seals contributed as crucial a defensive play as ever was to MISSOURI's 7–6 upset of Arkansas. Moving at a five-yard average on Billy Gray's sprint-outs, Arkansas had scored the first time it got the ball and was threatening again at the Missouri 27, third and five. Seals then crashed Gray down for a 14-yard loss, and the Hogs

continued



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The Sport Suit by Hart Schaffner & Marx feels casual. But the tailoring isn't. The quality is tailored inside and out. For good. Not just week-ends.

never recovered their poise. Mizzou won when Gus Otto crashed over from the two and Bill Leistritz kicked the extra point.

TEXAS scored 49 points, most ever for Darrell Royal's Longhorns and 42 more than poor Texas Tech could muster. For laughs, Texas threw 16 passes, one going for a 36-yard touchdown, and sophomore Phil Harris returned a kickoff 83 yards. But it was the solid smashing of Tommy Ford and Ernie Koy that won the game.

The scoreboard broke down as BAYLOR routed Houston 27–0, but it was a 53-yard touchdown run by sophomore Henry Pickett and Don Trull's passing that broke Houston.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. ALABAMA (2-0) 2. GEORGIA TECH (2-0) 3 MISSISSIPPI (1-0-1)

GEORGIA TECH's Bobby Dodd had some simple strategy for his game with Clemson: "We'll just let Billy (Lothridge) kick the football and then take advantage of the breaks as they come along." And that is, a'most, the way it went in the mud at Atlanta's Grant Field. Lothridge kicked field goals from 40 and 36 yards out. But he also passed the wet ball—to Ends Gary Williams, Ted Davis and Billy Martin—for three touchdowns and kicked all the extra points. Final score: Lothridge 27, Clemson 0. Brooded Clemson's Frank Howard: "We didn't block. We didn't charge. We didn't do nothin' right."

Down in Tallahassee it was a night for ducks—and frogs. The field was slimy after two days of rain—more to the liking of TCU's patient Horned Frogs, apparently, than to Florida State. FSU's Steve Tensi came out throwing but his second toss was picked off by TCU's Jim Fauver, who ran it back 46 yards for a touchdown. In the third quarter a Tensi fumble led to a 24-yard field goal by Jimmy McAteer. Later McAteer kicked another, and TCU won 13–0.

MIAMI's defense, so disenchanting a week earlier, suddenly turned tiger for Purdue. Charging merrily over the Boilermakers, it blunted their ground game and smothered their passing attack. However, Miami, and George Mira in particular, still had worries. Mira hit 13 of his 19 throws, but it took a 24-yard field goal by Don Cifra to win 3–0.

Tulane was easy for ALABAMA. Quarterback Joe Namath and Halfbacks Benny Nelson, Billy Piper and Hudson Harris got the Crimson Tide off to a 28–0 lead before Coach Bear Bryant mercifully called them off the Greenies. MISSISSIPPI, too, had little trouble as it leveled Kentucky 31–7. Quarterbacks Perry Lee Dunn and Jim Weatherly softened the Wildcats' midsection with strong running and then routed Kentucky with precision passing.

The last two years AUBURN came from behind to beat Tennessee. This year new Vol Coach Jim McDonald added some snappy variations to the old Neyland single wing, got bright new uniforms and announced that team morale had never been better. So Tennessee took a 12–0 lead, and then Auburn's Jimmy Sidle wrecked the Vols with two touchdown passes and a sneak, and the Tigers won 23–19. MISSISSIPPI STATE exploited FLORIDA's weaknesses with a wide game and tied the Gators 9–9, while GEORGIA bombed Vanderbilt 20–0.

So far, DUKE has run into few problems in defending its ACC championship. The Blue Devils had an easy time beating Virginia 30–8. And Maryland, Duke's next opponent, lost again. Dick Shiner neither passed nor ran effectively in the rain, but SOUTH CAROLINA's Jim Rogers did. The Gamecocks won 21–13. NORTH CAROLINA STATE is looking better and better. State's Jim Rossi flipped two scoring passes as the Wolfpack defeated Southern Mississippi, 14–0.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Penn State over Rice. Rip Engle's swing T and Liske's passing will baffle the Owls.

Georgia Tech over LSU. The defenses will be up but Billy Lothridge will be up, too.

Clemson over North Carolina State. But the Tigers will have some fretful moments.

Duke over Maryland. The Blue Devils have more fire. Maryland has only Dick Shiner.

Northwestern over Illinois. Improved, the Illini will be overmatched against Myers.

Navy over Michigan. Stauhach's Navy is quicker, firmer on defense and plain better.

Minnesota over Army. The young, green Gophers have too much fast sell for Army.

Notre Dame over Purdue. The Irish have moved the ball. So far, Purdue has not.

Arkansas over TCU. This year's Hogs, hard to hold, will outslick plodding TCU.

USC over Michigan State. MSU has no passer. The Trojans have plenty of everything.

OTHER GAMES

AIR FORCE OVER SMU
AUBURN OVER KENTUCKY
KANSAS OVER WYOMING
OHIO STATE OVER INDIANA
OREGON OVER WEST VIRGINIA
OREGON STATE OVER BAYLOR
UCLA OVER STANFORD
TEXAS TECH OVER TEXAS A&M
UTAH OVER NEW MEXICO
WASHINGTON OVER IOWA

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

15 RIGHT, 8 WRONG, 2 TIES
SEASON'S RECORD: 22-15-3

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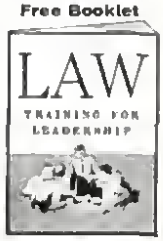
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THE SPECTATORS IN BOURNEMOUTH WORE COATS AGAINST THE WINTRY WIND.

Not quite all right, Jack

There were British flags aplenty waving at the Davis Cup matches, but in the end the Union Jack saluted only a flagging British cup team

Before the Davis Cup matches began in Bournemouth last week, one gloomy British tennis buff was insisting that his countrymen had such an ingrained belief in Yankee superiority on the tennis courts that they could not possibly win. Even so, on the occasion of the closest approach to a British breakthrough since the 1930s, such pessimists were in the minority. Britain's fans took their seats in the wooden grandstand armed with Union Jacks in anticipation of an orgy of flag-waving. One old party even appeared in a scarlet cutaway over a Union Jack weskit, with Jacks emblazoned fore and aft on his black silk topper. Alas, the British lion again failed to roar, it lay down almost without a whimper.

Part of the fault lay in the weather. At four o'clock in the morning on the first day of this crucial match between the winners of the American and European zones, storm warnings were posted along the British coast. The gray clouds that scudded over Bournemouth made it seem more a day for grouse shooting than for tennis. Britons, with some justification, blamed the lateness of American zone competition for the fact that Wimbledon's grass courts were too sodden with September's rains to be fit for play in these interzone semifinals. So the matches were played on the En-Tout-Cas courts of a seaside summer resort, complete with Victorian hotels, potted palms, a long boardwalk—and a chill wintry wind.

It was a predominantly middle-aged crowd that moved from the Bournemouth boardwalk into the temporary wooden stands at the West Hants Lawn Tennis Club to watch Britain reclaim its oldtime stature in international tennis. Many of them must have recalled vividly the time when a young American upstart named Don Budge sent British Davis Cup chances down the drain for a quarter of a century. But the hope that shone in their eyes for a historical resurgence faded fast after husky, handsome Mike Sangster, hitherto undefeated in this year's cup competition, took the court against the U.S. Wimbledon winner, Chuck McKinley.

Conditions were rough. The court, although it had been protected by a tarpaulin, was slow on the bounce and slippery underfoot. The balls looked like mud pies. The strong wind whipped and swirled erratically, making every lob a major gamble. It was so cold that McKinley didn't strip down to his T shirt until the start of the second set. But all these difficulties bore equally on both players, and it was McKinley whose courage and determination surmounted them, while Sangster grew increasingly uneasy and ineffectual.

McKinley pulled ahead in the first set



BUT ONE (CENTER) WAS EVEN MORE WARMLY GIRDED IN PATRIOTIC SYMBOLS

4–3 and never lost the lead thereafter. The fact that Sangster did not even get his racket on the smash with which McKinley won set point was in character with the whole match.

If Britain's Mike Sangster was the goat of the first day, the hero was America's Frank Froehling. Playing for the first time in Davis Cup competition, this lanky, ungainly youngster showed a veteran's poise in coming from far behind to defeat Britain's Billy Knight in the afternoon match.

At the start of the match it was Knight who appeared to be in charge. Knight played solidly and methodically, while Froehling, looking like The Rail-splitter, or even one of his split rails, could not seem to find his form. Knight took the first set 6–4, which brought a brief but heartfelt waving of flags. Soon afterward Froehling was down 5–0 in the second set, and the match seemed all but over. But Froehling refused to quit. "I asked myself what I was doing wrong," he told former U.S. Cup Captain Bill Talbert later. "And I decided I was playing too tentatively, so I changed tactics."

Suddenly slamming his power-laden forehand into every corner of the court, Froehling fought back to 5–3; then Knight took a bad fall trying to return one of Froehling's drives from the baseline. He lost his racket and opened a nasty gash on his left knee. Some British sportswriters have made much of this injury, but Knight himself insists, "It didn't hinder me at all. It certainly didn't slow me up."

Whatever the reason, the tide had clearly turned. Froehling went on to win the next two games, evening the score. Knight made it 6–5 on his own service, but that was his last serious threat. Froehling kept the pressure on, aced Knight for the 8–6 set point and went on to win the next two sets 6–4, 6–4. The decisive change in the climate was symbolized in the third set when, with the count 1–1, Froehling took a love game off Knight's service.

Cold pork

The second day was still windy but clear. British spirits seemed to recover along with the weather, and at lunchtime the talk among the fans taking sandwiches and pints of bitter on the lawn or fortifying themselves with a cold pork pie and a cuppa from a thermos jug in their cars was that Sangster was itching for revenge. When Mike teamed up with cool-headed Bobby Wilson against McKinley and the notoriously short-fused Dennis Ralston, the still optimistic English told each other, "You'll see. England isn't finished yet."

As the doubles began, it looked as though this might be true. The American team won the first game with some difficulty. Britain followed by taking a love game on Sangster's service; then, thanks to a double fault by Ralston, broke the American service. The American team steadied to win the first set 6–4 and got a slight edge in the second set. Then things began going seriously wrong. Sangster's big first serve, one of the most powerful in tennis, started to click, and Ralston's play became increasingly uncertain. Britain took the second set.

With the pressure on, all participants began showing signs of nerves. Sangster nearly blew up when a fault was called on one of his sizzling first serves down the line, waving his racket threateningly and shouting a curse in a voice that could have been heard some dis-

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tance out to sea. Ralston began mumbling and recreating his bad shots in pantomime. McKinley angrily laced occasional balls into the stands and, after firing one wild drive, hurled his racket some 30 feet straight in the air, catching it on the way down like a drum major.

In this erratic third set, mistakes were more or less evenly divided. The U.S. fumbled a chance to win it 6–4, and both teams stumbled on to a 7–7 deadlock, with the British sustained mainly by Sangster's strong service and with the Americans unable to win the points that counted. McKinley finally won for the



FRANK FROEHLING SEEMS TO BE ALL ARMS

U.S. 9–7 with a well-placed shot clean past Sangster.

At the tea break, it still looked like anybody's match, but it was, in fact, all over. Throughout the whole two days the British players had shown an inability to make a sustained comeback once things had gone against them. When they returned after the break they appeared to have already thrown in their cards. The Americans broke Sangster's hitherto powerful service twice to take an easy 4–2 lead and pushed right on to win 6–2, with McKinley's decisive slam past Wilson wrapping it up. During the tea break Chuck McKinley's attractive blonde wife had said, "I hope they win this one so we can party tonight and not have to wait until tomorrow." She did not have to wait. **END**

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Some tricks that will cheat the wind

There are two basic principles to keep in mind on those days when the wind is threatening to destroy your poise and your game. If the wind is in your face you should hit a shot that imparts very little backspin to the ball. If the wind is at your back you should concentrate on getting the ball up into the air as fast as you possibly can.

The best way to reduce backspin on a shot directly into the wind is to play the ball back nearer the right foot than usual, while keeping the hands in the same relative position to the ball that they would normally be at address—if the ball has been moved back two inches, move the hands back two inches. The result will be a shot that will start low, stay low and have little backspin. The same technique should be employed regardless of what club is used. However, on an iron shot, depending on the strength of the wind, the player should drop down two or three clubs (a four-iron, for instance, in place of a six) and hit the shot very softly.

Getting the ball up fast for a downwind shot can be achieved by playing the ball well forward—actually off the left foot—and keeping the right shoulder below the left throughout most of the swing. The right arm and hand are the dominating features of the swing. Generally, a downwind shot can be hit quite hard without too much danger, because the wind will tend to straighten out either a hook or a slice.

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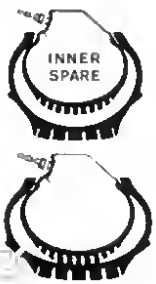
The straight line usually formed by the arm and club shaft must be altered for a shot into the wind (left).





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LEGACY OF A FRENCH NOAH

At the turn of the century Henri Menier imported 100 pairs of whitetail deer to add to the wealth of natural wonders of his Anticosti Island. Menier is now only a memory, but the 50,000 deer that roam the island keep hunters happy and busy

by JACK OLSEN

Early in this deer season on Anticosti Island, which lies off Canada's eastern shore in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a hunter took careful aim through his scope and dropped a fat buck. Then he trotted merrily through the coniferous forest to claim his prize and discovered that he had killed not one deer but two, the bullet passing through the first and hitting the second in the vitals. As every high school algebra student knows, this sort of thing is bound to happen when *x* million hunters swarm into the woods to peg *y* million shots at *z* million deer. It all comes under the heading of "probability and chance," the same mathematical area that explains winning streaks by the Mets, 10 straight passes at craps, a good meal on Route 66 and other extreme improbabilities.

The difference is that Anticosti Island does not have *x* million hunters or even *x* thousand. Each year during the three-month season its hunters are numbered in the low hundreds, all of them grinning and hopeful that nobody will tell a soul in the outer world about the deer hunting on the island. Or the *continued*



salmon fishing. Or the seal hunting. Or the sea-run trout.

But mainly the deer hunting. Anticosti has so many deer that hunters who accomplish the two-deer-with-one-shot accident get only a bored look from the natives when they tell the story in all its personal wonder. Anticostians hear the story every fall, because it happens every fall. And the natives have even better stories of their own. They tell of the mother provincial of the Sisters of Charity Convent on the island. On July 20 of last year she counted 307 deer on a 40-mile drive on the island. This year a certain Mr. Hollingsworth of Rhode Island, who hunts Anticosti with several cronies each fall, made his yearly wager as to which side of the road would produce more deer sightings on the drive to the hunting lodge. Hollingsworth lost; the winning side of the road produced 171 deer in 57 miles. This was extremely nettling to Hollingsworth, who remarked to Edmond Pineault, the deputy chief game warden of the island, that the deer herd seemed to be falling off from previous years.

Falling off or not, Anticosti remains the Broadway and 42nd Street of the deer world. It has 200-pound bucks, fat hornless does, silly-looking does with horns, young bucks with spike horns, white deer and deer that are colored like white-faced Herefords. They have never seen a purple deer on Anticosti, and they never hope to see one, but if one were to come scampering out of the forest, nobody would be surprised. In the summer the deer are so bold that every night five or six of them graze in the meadow behind the island's only hotel, another couple of deer keep the island superintendent's lawn in trim and each morning a sassy fawn trots out of the deep woods, barges down a lumbering road and demands handouts at back doors. Then, bang! The first shot of the hunting season is fired, the deer fade into the woods like the Viet Cong and for three months Anticosti Island becomes the best deer-hunting spot on the face of the earth.

And yet there was not a single deer on the island when Jacques Cartier, searching for a fast route to the East, claimed the island by serendipity and named it, in the grand French manner, Ile de l'Assomption. Nobody paid any attention to that name. Years before, Basque fishermen had seen the island, observed that it was some 30 miles off the mainland (of what is now Quebec), and dubbed it Anteeosta, or "precoast," in a wild stroke of place-naming creativity. With minor vowel changes, the name has stuck. Cartier claimed the island for France in 1534, but he did not get overexcited about his prize. Anticosti was, after all, only an elliptical-shaped island 135 miles long by some 35 miles wide, covered with shale and conifers and all but devoid of animal life. Like Ireland, it did not even have snakes. Unlike Ireland, it did not have Irishmen. So Cartier made the proper notations in his log, shrugged a Gallic shrug and sailed on.

More than a century went by before Louis XIV, trying to select a gift for the explorer who has everything, gave Anticosti to Louis Joliet as a reward for bold journeys on the Mississippi River and in the Hudson Bay area. Joliet lived on the island for 10 years, but his heirs abandoned it. Around 1800 a dumb-like-a-fox eccentric named Louis Olivier Gamache became Anticosti's only inhabitant, building himself a house at the west end of the island and carefully spreading the rumor that he was a killer and a pirate, thus guaranteeing the privacy he had wanted in the first place.

Gamache lived by trading with the Indians—which was forbidden. He would fill his 60-foot *goëlette* with fish and outrace the authorities to the mainland, where he would quickly trade the fish for meat and other provisions and outrace the authorities back to the island. One night when the police boat was hot on Gamache's tail, he doused his running lights, put oil-soaked rags on a small raft, ignited them and dropped the raft behind his boat on a towline, finally cutting it adrift just off the reefs of Anticosti. The police boat gave chase and foundered. Another time Gamache invited a sea captain to his Anticosti home, regaled him with spooky stories and finally locked the old salt in a room. With a Comanche yell, Gamache burst into the room, held two pistols on the captain and announced, "I have come to give you your last shot!" Then he poured a slug of brandy for his guest, cackling wildly at his own joke. He was a laugh a minute, that Gamache.

Around the 1880s French-speaking fishermen from the Bay of Chaleur began coming to Anticosti, and soon a small colony of several dozen families was in residence. The living was good if you liked snow. For seven or eight months a year Anticosti was paralyzed; the rest of the time there was a living to be made off fish and shipwrecks. Between 1870 and 1880, for example, 49 sailing vessels and four steamships were wrecked off Anticosti. Even today there is hardly a house on the island that does not have a few specimens of Dresden china or Meissen porcelain or Spanish-silver candlesticks salvaged from one of the wrecks.

Before lighthouses were built and the profitable salvage business came to an end, there was one wreck right out of Joseph Conrad. A British ship went aground at uninhabited Fox Bay, and 18 survivors swam ashore with little more than the clothes on their backs and several barrels of salt salvaged from the wreck. Fall came on, and the survivors realized they would have to spend the winter on Anticosti. One night the strongest of the survivors, a giant mulatto, went from shelter to shelter knifing his shipmates in the neck. He quartered the 17 bodies, salted them down and thus survived the winter. In the spring he was discovered by a boatload of seamen who had rowed ashore for fresh water. They found him lying in his hammock: he was fat and sturdy and dead. He had liked shipmate, but shipmate had not liked him.

None of these early visitors, from Cartier to the dyspeptic mulatto, made any real imprint on Anticosti. They left it as they found it: windswept, desolate, partly covered with spruce and fir trees and partly with muskeg, all but animalless, a mere way station for commuting birds and a

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handful of fishermen. Then along came Henri Menier, a latter-day Noah who manufactured chocolate in Paris and had millions of francs. And in those days a franc was really a franc. In the 1890s Menier decided to give up the mad whirl of Paris and find an island retreat. His agents found Anticosti, and Menier built a half-million-dollar castle, founded the village of Port Menier and set about developing community farms, lobster packing plants, seal fisheries and a pulpwood industry. All of these operations proved as lucrative as the Kansas City Athletics were to prove later, so Menier abandoned them and returned to his original hedonistic devices. His Villa Menier became the scene of fancy-dress affairs, with an orchestra imported from the mainland and guests staying for long weekends in the 13 bedrooms. In one vast room of the villa, Menier installed a kind of throne in which he could sit and stare back at dozens of European stag heads arrayed around the wall. For his more dynamic pleasures, he fished for the salmon in which the island abounded and shot gray seals. He also kept a secret bedroom with a secret entrance off his own master bedroom, for whatever purposes the leering historian may only guess.

Still, *Le Roi de l'Anticosti* was bored. So in one sweeping stroke he imported 100 pairs of whitetail deer, not to mention elk, moose, caribou, black bear, fox, beaver, rabbit, mink, otter and a musk ox. This last-mentioned individual wandered off into the brush and has not checked in since. The elk and caribou did not take hold (nor did 100 reindeer which were introduced later by the Canadian government). But all the others thrived, and the deer began a population explosion that still goes on. There now are about 50,000 deer on Anticosti and, despite the fact that each year some 2,000 are killed either for meat or sport, the herd continues to increase. There has never been a year, according to island game officials, when the normal winter loss of deer has not far exceeded the numbers killed by humans in the fall. Charlie McCormick, chief warden for Anticosti, says: "Every deer hunter who has ever come to Anticosti has filled his bag. There are no exceptions." It is possible that the last person who failed to fill his limit was old man Menier himself.

Part of the reason for this superfluity of deer is the fact that they have no natural enemies on Anticosti. Dogs are not permitted on the island and never have been. Black bear and red fox have been known to kill deer, but in such small numbers as to have no discernible effect on the herd. The only functioning predator, then, is man, and he is restricted to 7% of the island, serviced by



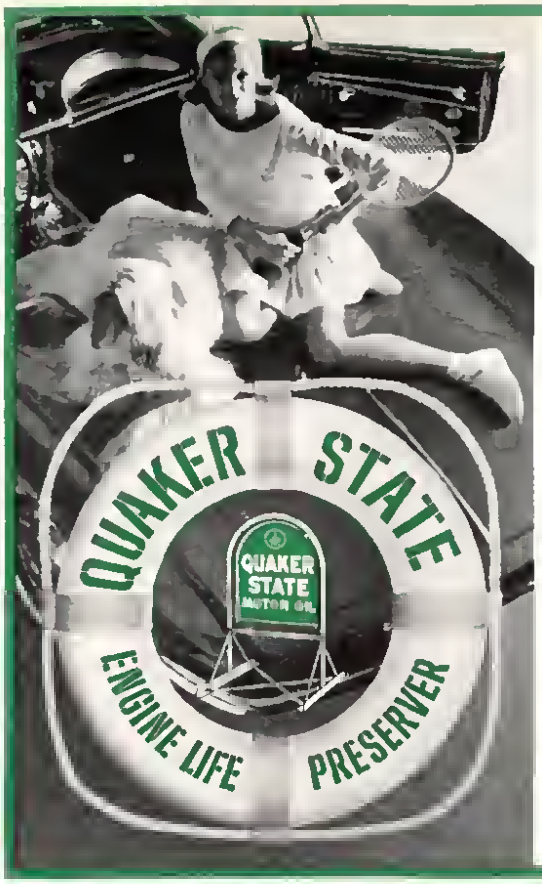
Anticosti deer often leave the protection of the forest and the brush of the inland country for the salt found near the ocean's edge. On the open shore the deer make easy targets. Here they are loaded on a truck to be taken to camp.

1,400 miles of logging road. The remaining 3,000-odd square miles are a sort of natural refuge for wildlife.

To be sure, mere numbers of deer do not guarantee good deer hunting. The sportsman does not want to act out his primordial hunting drive in a place where the deer go in the tank in an early round and thus take all the fun out of the hunt. Since man is their only real enemy, Anticosti deer have learned to concentrate their attention, at least during the season, on avoiding any contact with Homo sapiens. Hunters are advised to have a fast-handling gun and a good scope, since the 100- or 150-yard shot is the average during the season. But the main difference between Anticosti hunting and most deer hunting is that the hunter will get a plethora of shots at fine specimens. A day's hunting in season will turn up glimpses of 50 or 60 deer. The hunter soon finds himself seeking out prize animals instead of simply trying to butcher an animal, any animal. And beyond all these considerations, there is a delight in being on Anticosti, just in being there, because of the nature of the place.

Anticosti, in prehistoric times, was under water. Marine organisms, falling in layers atop each other, formed the limestone base. The waters receded and the island was exposed. On the highest parts of the island one still finds seashell fossils. A plant took hold and began laying down a footing for other plants, and one day a tree seed wafted over from the mainland and found enough nourishment to sprout, and in turn laid down its own humus, until the Anticosti of today was formed: a broad base of limestone of various ages topped by a thin layer of humus soil supporting mosses, lichens, sedge grass, thistle grass, ferns and trees, many of which meet an early end because they topple in the loose footing during the wild winters, when winds up to 115 mph blow across the island. One result of such a growth pattern is a tough, springy soil, entwined with roots and thick moss carpets, a soil that seems to push back as one walks on it. (Anticosti deer, like all whitetail deer, move in short steps and big leaps, but because of the unusual soil the Anticosti whitetails seem to jump

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record distances. Such records must be marked with an asterisk.) This sort of soil is spongelike; Anticosti always seems wet, and it takes 23 rivers and innumerable streams to drain the island. The soil is also dark and rich, so rich that it imparts a yellowish-red tint to some of the rivers, and dandelions grow five feet tall. Thistles and daisies stand as high as men, and trees like balsam, white and black spruce, birch, poplar and tamarack grow in profusion. Quebec's Consolidated Paper Corporation Limited, which bought the island from the Menier heirs for a paltry $6 million in 1925, cuts the island's wood for its mills on the mainland and has made about as much dent in the forests as the hunters have made in the deer herds. Indeed, the deer probably are harder on the tree farming than the paper company is. Each spring, when the snow is still down and the supply of browse gets short, the deer nibble the life out of sprouting balsams and chew away the tender tops of other young trees.

The present-day *Roi de l'Anticosti* is a young French-Canadian named Louis Létourneau, who runs the island for the paper company with a velvet hand. Letourneau's favorite winter sport finds him patrolling the snowfields in his snowmobile, looking for the biggest buck he can find. The animal sighted, Letourneau gives chase and with a blood-curdling cry jumps from the snowmobile onto the back of the terrified buck. And then what does this savage man do? "I geeve 'eem a pat and let 'eem go," says Letourneau.

Consolidated's lumberjacks fell the trees far back in the woods, and truck drivers load the wood and drive it pell-mell to Port Menier, where it is dumped into the bay for transshipment by boat. Then the truck drivers jump into their big *camions* and roar back to the camp for more wood. They are paid by the cord-mile, and they laugh at the signs all along the dirt roads which announce: *Vitesse Maximum: 40 Milles.* The result is that quite a few deer are hit and killed, and then a new cycle of nature begins. The first to arrive at the course are the ravens, clucking and chattering among themselves as they rip slivers of meat

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out of the dead animal. Then come the foxes: red, silver and cross foxes, digging in at the deer's soft hindquarters and eating their way right up through the entrails and actually disappearing into the inside of the body. Side by side, ravens and foxes, usually the unfriendliest of creatures, enjoy the feast. Once in a while a bald eagle will drop in (but it is more its style to grab small salmon out of the rivers with its talons, fly them to prodigious heights and drop them on rocks, swooping down to reclaim the meal and gorge for hours). When the ravens and the foxes are sated, they stumble off and leave the crumbs for the Canada jays, popularly known as whisky jacks, who have been policing the area for years. The whole process, from the death of the deer to the last morsel for the last whisky jack, takes about eight hours, and then nothing is left of the deer but bones.

There are other animals. A polar bear has been killed on Anticosti. It dropped in on an ice floe and didn't live to tell the tale. Beavers leave their calling cards in the form of thin circles of bark gnawed from around small trees, and you can tell exactly where their domicile is located in

continued

ANTICOSTI TRAVEL FACTS

GETTING THERE. The island can be reached by plane or ship. There are daily flights from New York to Montreal by Eastern and Trans-Canada (first-class round trip about $67, economy about $50). Trans-Canada has daily turboprop flights from Montreal to Sept-Iles on Quebec's north shore (first-class round trip $86, economy $64). Air Gaspe flies from Sept-Iles to Port Menier on Anticosti. This leg of the trip takes 40 minutes and costs $34 round trip. Air Gaspé will also fly sportsmen in and out of Anticosti on a charter basis; and private aircraft, including float planes, can land on the island (Consolidated Paper Corporation Ltd. suggests that "all aircraft should circle Port Menier two or three times before landing, in order to attract the attention of members of our organization who will supply the visitors with ground transportation"). Consolidated Paper runs the M.S. *Anticosti*, a comfortable 500-ton ship, from Rimouski, Quebec City and Gaspe Village to Port Menier. Rates, which include berth and meals, vary widely from season to season. Interested sportsmen should write to Consolidated Paper, Anticosti Division, P.O. Box 69, Montreal, Que. (Information about Anticosti's superb Atlantic salmon fishing is also available at the same address.) All reservations for hunting and fishing on the island must be made in advance with the company.

STAYING THERE. Sportsmen stay either at the river camps situated on or near the Atlantic Ocean at the mouth of the salmon rivers, or at the island's only hotel, the Staffhouse, in Port Menier. The river camps, designed for four to six people, are more expensive, but they offer better food, more experienced guides and scenic wilderness settings. The camps have electricity, the plumbing is inside and the wood-burning stoves are always stoked with sweet-smelling birch logs. Bedding, linen and guides (one for every two hunters) are provided, as well as transportation —by four-wheel jeep or pickup truck—to and from the best hunting areas. Although the camp menu often includes salmon (canned at the camps), turkey, chicken and fresh duck, a taste for venison is almost a prerequisite. Sportsmen can have pan-fried deer liver (or deer heart) and onions for breakfast, along with eggs and pancakes, and *paté de foie chevreuil* (chopped deer liver, prepared and canned by the camp cooks) for lunch. A dinner specialty is thin venison rump steaks, sautéed in sizzling black butter and served medium rare.

HUNTING THERE. The deer season runs from mid-August to mid-November. Guides on Anticosti like to still-hunt the overgrown tote roads that pass through cut-over forest. Because of the large deer population, organized drives are unnecessary, but Anticosti deer blend so well into the color of the forest margin that the native guide, whose eyes are trained to penetrate thick cover, is as important to the hunter as his gun. Still, even the hunter with an aim less than true will get his limit of two deer. Most hunters use .30-caliber rifles equipped with four-power telescopic sights. Consolidated Paper offers numerous package deals for hunters, ranging from three days' hunting (transportation to and from the island excluded) for $175 to six days at a river camp for $335, including transportation by ferry to and from Gaspé Village. Non-resident hunting licenses, which should be secured before arrival on the island, cost $25.50. Waterfowl licenses are $15.50.



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the dam by looking for the puffs of vapor flitting in revealing regularity through a tiny vent into the cold air. Muskrats paddle around nervously, and an occasional imperious mink is seen. Birds are all over; an entry in the logbook of one hunting camp reports the sighting of 51 species, including the ptarmigan, and another entry says succinctly: "Saw one Arctic three-toed woodpecker. Female. V. busy." There are black ducks, Canada geese, teal, plover, herons, fishhawks, kingfishers, crows, owls, and loons that come in three delicious sizes small, medium and large. "I do not underston eet," says Guide Georges Noel. "The small loon, he still make as many noise as the big one." The biggest of the three loons is an ocean bird; it dives on herring and tomcod by trade, and, loonlike, it stays underwater until you are just about to notify the next of kin. Then it pops up, fat and noisy, riding slightly lower in the water.

Some hunters come to Anticosti, see sights like these and never take a shot. Or they get so absorbed in nature study that when a deer comes along they forget everything they ever knew, like the one who took 17 quick shots at a deer last year, missed with them all and then happily went back to his compulsion of the moment, which was the study of the mushrooms proliferating on the island. It is the opinion of such observers as Guide Noel and Chief Warden McCormick that a sort of temporary insanity frequently comes over the most rational of men when they reach Anticosti, its huge herds of deer and its unexpected wonders. McCormick remembers a hunter who shot a deer, dressed it out and then left it overnight while he dashed off looking for a second deer to fill his bag. When he returned in the morning he found a pile of bones and a belching whisky jack. "Another time a hunter saw three big bucks banging their horns together in a mating fight," says McCormick. "He fired a shot and all three of them went down. He must have hit them right in the horns. So he started going toward them, and one by one they got up and ran off. The hunter stood there without firing a shot, he was so dumfounded." Frequently an Anticosti

continued



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hunter will see a deer rack pop up in the tall grass, whereupon he will fire a shot and see the deer duck down out of sight. A few seconds later the rack will come up again, and the hunter will shoot again. Then he will walk to the spot and find he has killed two bucks. Such things happen because it is a rare deer hunter who can accustom himself to the idea that he is ever going to see more than one nice rack in any one day (and in some parts of the U.S., in any one season).

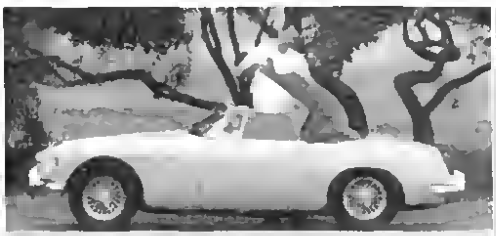
The ultimate experience in *Through the Looking Glass* hunting is the beach stalk (*as re-created on the cover*), an Anticosti specialty of the house. The best time to begin a beach stalk is about an hour before sundown, when the deer grow bolder. They start to appear along the shoreline and feed on the scrub growth just behind the beach. Now and then one will walk to the water's edge for a helping of kelp. "The deer, he cannot take pills," explains Edmond Dresdell, head warden of the Ste. Marie River Camp, "so he eat the seaweed for the vitamins." Theoretically, it should be easy to get a clear shot at a deer on the Anticosti beach, but I didn't find it so. In the first place, the beach is itself a distraction of formidable proportions. It is made up, at the shoreline, of tiny pebbles of limestone, rounded and smoothed by the sea and growing progressively larger as you back away from the water's edge until they are fist-size. Everywhere there is driftwood, from tiny bits and pieces up to whole trees, and all of them polished like the rock in exactly the same cool shade of gray as the limestone. Here is a wrecked dory, done up in the same color; and here is an almost new lobster pot full of kelp; a life preserver still inflated; a green bottle bearing the words "Bacardi Brasil"; and another bottle with a cap that says "Dujardin"; there is the jawbone of a deer, with the teeth intact and sharp; the jaw of a shark; and a larger bone from a whale. Down the beach, terns and plovers are poking at the kelp wrack, and still farther away foxes are scavenging for mussels and tomcod washed up by the tides. My guide and I are walking along the shoreline, our boots slopping through the littoral, when a sea

continued

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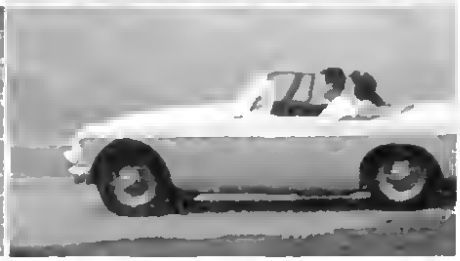














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serpent snorts and blows and quickly vanishes below the surface. It is a gray seal, known on Anticosti as the horsehead because it has an elongated head and a body six to nine feet long and weighs up to 800 pounds. There is no limit on the horsehead, because it feeds heavily on salmon, but it does not reappear. Instead, a deer comes into sight 300 yards down the beach. It is a big buck with 10 or 12 points, and it does not see us. "O.K., monsieur," the guide says. But I have hesitated for just a second; the deer's white tail flicks straight up in the classical danger signal, as visible at a distance as a heliograph message from the U.S.S. *Forrestal*, and then the big animal plunges into a stand of small spruce trees so thick that there doesn't seem to be room for a field mouse. Now we are moving after him and back into the forest, along a rutted path, past uprooted stumps, denuded birch trees, miniature evergreens a foot tall, stands of Christmas trees, larger trees snapped in half by the winter winds, stacks of dead brush, through berry bushes and thorns; across an old tote road with a yellowing cardboard sign advising *Attention au Feu*, and on and on stalking the flickering tail of a deer. And suddenly it is evening, and everything has become edges. We come into a clearing, and the guide gestures me to a stop. "There he is, there!" he whispers. A hundred yards away, squarely behind a tree, is the buck. Its face is hidden; its horns are visible on either side of the trunk. Therefore it cannot see us, but neither can we shoot it. There is nothing to hit but rack. And so we stand, and so it stands, and it is almost dark, and finally I click the safety back on the gun and whistle as loudly as I can. Instantly the horns disappear; there is a glimmer of movement, and then that white tail slices the air in a vanishing arc, and the deer is gone in the shadows.

"Monsieur!" says the guide. "Why do you do that?" But he is smiling as he talks. He has been around, and he knows why I did that. Sometimes a man is a raging killer, and sometimes a man knows ultimate grandeur when it smacks him in the face. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—The LOS ANGELES DODGERS, relying almost exclusively on pitching, won their second National League championship since moving from Brooklyn in 1957. Clinching the pennant six days before the season ended, the Dodgers finished six games ahead of St. Louis. Led by Sandy Koufax (25–5), who was best in the NL in ERA (1.88) and strikeouts (306), and Ron Perranoski, their outstanding reliever (16–3, 1.67 ERA), the Dodger staff led both leagues with a 2.84 ERA, lowest in the majors in nine years. Most of the Dodgers' light offense (third in hitting, sixth in runs, seventh in HRs) was supplied by Tommy Davis, the batting leader (.326) for the second straight year, and Maury Wills, the leading base stealer (40). The surprising Cardinals (sixth in 1962) dominated the NL in runs scored and batting, with three players—Dick Groat, Bill White and Curt Flood—getting 200 hits. Last year's champion San Francisco Giants finished a disappointing third although Juan Marichal won 25 games and Willie McCovey led the Braves' Henry Aaron as the top home run hitter (44). Aaron was the league's most productive hitter, since he also won the RBI title (130) and tied for third in batting (.319). Other 20-game winners besides Koufax and Marichal were Jim Maloney of the Reds (23–7), Warren Spahn of the Braves (23–7) and Dick Ellsworth of the Cubs (22–10).

The NEW YORK YANKEES, who just about clinched the American League pennant at midseason, coasted home 10½ games ahead of Chicago. Relying on nothing more than the best balance in baseball (second in the AL in pitching, fielding, hitting, home runs and runs), the Yankees had no .300 hitters (except Mickey Mantle, who appeared in only 65 games) or anyone with 100 RBIs. But they were the only team in baseball with two 20-game winners—Whitey Ford, who led the league in victories (24–7), and Jim Bouton (21–7). The White Sox' unexpected showing (fifth in 1962) was due in large measure to the best pitching staff in the AL (2.99 ERA) and two exceptional rookies—Gary Peters (19–8), the league ERA leader with 2.33, and Third Baseman Pete Ward, the fifth best batter in the league (.295). The third-place Minnesota Twins, led by Harmon Killebrew's 45 home runs (best in the AL), hit more homers (225) than any other team in major league history except the 1961 Yankees. The Twins also had the league's strikeout leader in Camilo Pascual (202 and a 21–9 record). In contrast to the Yankees, the Boston Red Sox had the batting champion (Carl Yastrzemski with .321), the RBI leader (Dick Stuart with 118 and second in HRs with 42), the best reliever in the league (Dick Radatz with a 2.05 ERA and a 15–6 record), plus a 20-game winner (Bill Monbouquette with 20–10). The Red Sox, alas, finished 28 games behind New York in seventh place. Baltimore's Luis Aparicio was the No. 1 base stealer with 39, and Steve Barber became the first Oriole pitcher ever to win 20 games.

BOXING—Toronto Heavyweight GEORGE CHUVALO knocked down Mike De John of Miami Beach twice and won a 10-round split decision in Louisville. The victory earned Chuvalo a November fight with Cassius Clay.

FOOTBALL—NFL: Frank Ryan completed nine of 15 passes for 152 yards (and two touchdowns) and rushing leader Jimmy Brown gained 95 yards in 22 tries and scored one TD to give the CLEVELAND BROWNS, the Eastern Division leaders, their third straight victory, 20–6 over Los Angeles (*see page 16*). PITTSBURGH scored 17 points in the last quarter to give St. Louis its first defeat, 23–10. Y. A. Tittle threw three touchdown passes to spark NEW YORK to a 37–14 victory over Philadelphia. Jim Steffen of the Redskins intercepted a Dallas pass in the first quarter and ran 78 yards for a TD, and then, in the game's closing minutes, intercepted another to insure a 21–17 win for WASHINGTON. Cowboy End Bill Howton caught four passes for 82 yards to set an NFL career pass-receiving record of 8,067 yards as Dallas lost its third straight game. CHICAGO held on to first place in the Western Division when Bill Wade completed three touchdown passes and ran for another to defeat Detroit 37–21. GREEN BAY, held scoreless in the first half and behind by three points at the end of the third quarter, scored 17 points in the last period to beat Baltimore 31–20. Fran Tarkenton completed 14 passes for 242 yards as MINNESOTA crushed San Francisco 45–14. The next day 49ers' Coach Red Hickey resigned.

AFL: Defenseman Dainard Paulson intercepted three Raider passes and recovered a fumble to help the rejuvenated NEW YORK JETS to a 10–7 upset win over Oakland and first place in the Eastern Division. Former Minnesota Viking John McCormick made a successful debut as a Bronco when he threw a fourth-quarter touchdown pass to Lionel Taylor to give DENVER a 14–10 victory (its first) over Boston. SAN DIEGO, led by Tobin Rote's three touchdown passes, stayed undefeated and in first place in the Western Division by beating Kansas City 24–10. George Blanda threw three first-half touchdown passes to End Charley Hennigan as HOUSTON defeated winless Buffalo 31–20.

GOLF—French amateur champion BRIGITTE VARANGOT, 23, overcame an attack of tonsilitis and defeated Irish champion Philomena Garvey 3 and 1 in the 36-hole final of the British women's amateur championship in Newcastle, Ireland.

HARNESS RACING—Yonkers Futurity and Hambletonian winner SPEEDY SCOT, with Ralph Baldwin in the sulky, once again lived up to his name by trotting the fastest competitive mile ever when he won a prep for the $55,000 Kentucky Futurity at Lexington in 1:56⅕.

HORSE RACING—Mrs. Richard C. duPont's KELSO ($2.50), with Ismael Valenzuela in the saddle, beat pace-setting Never Bend to the wire by 3½ lengths to win the $108,800 Woodward Stakes at Aqueduct for a third straight year (*see page 26*).

Avonwood Stable's HIGHFIZ ($47.60) and Ernest Havemann's NUBILE ($8.00) scored the first stakes victories of their careers in the first and second divisions of the Margate Handicap at Atlantic City. Nubile, who has been worth several dollars in print to Owner Havemann, a freelance writer (SI, July 15), collected $14,625 in beating Doll Ina to the wire by a length in the second race, and Highfiz picked up $14,462 in defeating Blue Thor by half a length.

SOFTBALL—The defending champion CLEARWATER BOMBERS defeated the Aurora (Ill.) Sealmasters 1–0, to win their seventh world softball championship (no other team has won it more than four times) in Clearwater, Fla.

TENNIS—In a surprisingly easy Davis Cup interzone semifinal victory at Bournemouth, England, the U.S. swept England off the courts 5–0 (*see page 56*). The U.S. team will now play India in November, with the winner meeting Australia in the Challenge Round in December.

TRACK & FIELD—At a two-day meet in Volgograd, Russia the BRITISH men's team scored a stunning 112–99 up et over a Russian team that contained most of the athletes who almost beat the U.S. last July. Russia redeemed some prestige when her women came back and edged the British girls 62–56, but even scoring track the Russian way, the British won 168–161.

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: BILLY HITCHCOCK, as manager of the Baltimore Orioles, after two disappointing seasons (seventh in 1962 and fourth this year).

SENTENCED: HANK THOMPSON, 37, former New York Giant third baseman and outfielder, to a 10-year prison term for stealing a pistol and robbing a liquor store. Thompson joined the Giants in 1949 and played in two World Series (*1951* and *1954*).

DIED: SALLY AMES LANGMUIR, 33, the pert and pretty Boston-born yachtswoman who was one of the few of her sex to pursue the rugged sport of ocean sailboat racing, in Manhattan. Sally raced across most of the world's oceans aboard her 75-foot schooner *Constellation* and its successor, the 73-foot yawl *Bolero*.

DIED: ANDY COAKLEY, 80, former major league pitcher (20–8 with the Philadelphia Athletics in 1905) and baseball coach at Columbia University for 36 years, in New York.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

18—Tony Tomsic. 19—James Drake. 25—Rich Clarkson. 26, 27—Herb Scharfman, Daily News, Art Rickerby Pix. 30—Yves Gabraine Automobile Year. 33—Brian Seed. 50, 51—Evon Parkin. 56, 57—Gerry Cranham. 58—Nail Leifer. 66—Russ Kinne. 80—Robert Sugar, AP, John G. Hemmer, Robert Huntzinger, AP, Mirrorpic Gilloon; 82—Barbara Szczandars-Delaware (Ohio) Gazette. 84—CQ Radio Amateur's Journal.

FACES IN THE CROWD



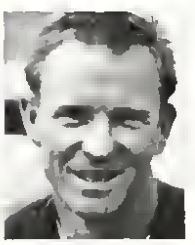
ANNE BATTERSON, of Bloomfield, Conn., who took up sky-diving three years ago, won the women's overall title at the National Parachute Championships and qualified for the U.S. team that will compete at the world tournament in West Germany next July.



ANDRAS BALCZO, a 25-year-old Hungarian, ended Russia's domination of the world modern pentathlon championships when his win in the 4,000-meter cross-country run (the last of five events) gave him the individual title and paced Hungary to the team championship.



MRS. CHARLES BARTHOLOMEW, 60, of Brookline, Mass., who has been playing golf for 26 years, was five strokes behind after 18 holes but came back to win her first U.S. Senior Women's Golf Association championship by four strokes with a 16-over-par 160.



DICK MANN, of Pinole, Calif., who has been racing motorcycles for 12 years and has ranked among the top 10 U.S. cyclists since 1957, finally became the Grand National Champion. He won the 50-lap T.T. race in Gardena, Calif. to boost his total to an unbeatable 114 points.



DON BUFORD, 26, a switch-hitting third baseman for pennant-winning Indianapolis (White Sox), was named the International League rookie of the year. The former USC halfback, in his third year of pro ball, led the league in batting (.336) and stolen bases (42).



KENDALL MELLOR, a 27-year-old Yorkshire, England bookbinder, was blown 11 miles off course while attempting his first English Channel crossing, but after some 17 hours and 35 miles he stumbled ashore at Kent, completing one of the longest Channel swims ever.

YESTERDAY

Bright Night in Brooklyn

The first major league baseball game under lights at Ebbets Field 25 years ago provided a memorable drama

by MAURY ALLEN

A noisy crowd of close to 40,000 people squeezed into Ebbets Field on June 15, 1938 to watch the first night game ever to be played in Brooklyn. Larry MacPhail, the Dodgers' imaginative general manager, had introduced night baseball to the majors on a limited scale in Cincinnati three years earlier, but the spectacle of a game under lights was still a big curiosity to most people around the country.

The skeptical Brooklyn fans were no exception. As they piled into the tiny ball park that chilly, damp night, they speculated on how the lights would affect the players and what the cool night breezes would do to a pitcher's arm.

The lights blazed up for the first time at Ebbets Field at 8:35, but the fans had to wait another hour before they would find out how the starting pitchers—Max Butcher for the Dodgers and Johnny Vander Meer for the Reds—would do under the lights. MacPhail first had to put on a lavish pre-game show that featured Jesse Owens, the 1936 Olympics hero, running against members of both teams in a series of handicap races.

Finally, at exactly 9:45, Butcher threw the first pitch of the ball game to Lonny Frey, the Reds' second baseman. Night baseball was on at Ebbets Field.

The Reds failed to score in the first two innings. The Dodgers didn't score either, and not only that, they didn't even get a base hit off Vander Meer. In the third inning, however, the Reds erupted for four runs, and Butcher was through for the night, almost before he had a chance to get warm.

Brooklyn had no such luck. Vander Meer moved through the fourth, fifth and sixth innings without allowing a hit. All eyes were on the tall lefthander. He was pitching his first game since throwing a no-hitter against Boston four days earlier, and the cool night air wasn't bothering him a bit. He was throwing hard, and his curve was snapping sharply. The lights, if anything, seemed to make his fast ball even more effective.

Third Baseman Cookie Lavagetto became the first Brooklyn runner to reach second base. He made it in the seventh inning when he walked and moved up a base when Vandy walked First Baseman Dolf Camilli. Vander Meer was just a little off the plate for both men.

"He fired hard all through the game," Lavagetto recalled. "He wouldn't let up. That's why he had control trouble."

But with Cookie two bases away from



VANDY FIRED HARD UNDER THE LIGHTS

a run, Vander Meer settled down. He struck out Ernie Koy, and Leo Durocher rolled out to end the inning. He now had pitched seven innings without giving up a run or a hit.

In the eighth, Vander Meer bore down even harder. Woody English batted for Relief Pitcher Luke Hamlin, and Vander Meer struck him out. Kiki Cuyler flied out, and Vandy got Johnny Hudson swinging at a curve. He was now three outs away from a second no-hit game.

The Reds, who had picked up single runs in the seventh and eighth, led 6–0 going into the bottom of the ninth. Left Fielder Buddy Hassett was the first batter for the Dodgers. He hit a soft roller back to the mound, and Vander Meer tagged him out on the foul line. One down. The huge crowd shouted its approval, rooting for the young pitcher against the home team. Suddenly Vander Meer lost his control again and walked Catcher Babe Phelps. Lavagetto, who was leading the league with a .355 batting average, and Camilli. The bases were filled, and only one man was out.

Center Fielder Koy, batting .300, worked the count to one and one and then hit a slow ground ball to Lew Riggs at third. Riggs fielded the ball cleanly and threw home to force Goody Rosen, running for Phelps, at the plate. Two out. The Dodgers still didn't have a hit or a run.

Shortstop Leo Durocher, hitting only .256 but a dangerous man in the clutch, walked to the plate. Vander Meer studied him carefully. He pinched at the rosin bag. He looked up at the lights. Catcher Lombardi signaled the pitch. The runners led off their bases.

Durocher took the first pitch. It was a ball. Then he took a strike. Vander Meer threw again, and Durocher drove a liner deep toward right field. As the ball whistled out from home plate, the crowd screamed. It landed in the upper right field stands—foul. The next pitch was a ball. The Dodger fans disagreed.

"I had to call that one a ball," Umpire Bill Stewart said after the game. "It was a little high. Golly, I was pulling for the kid as much as anybody."

Vander Meer wound up, kicked high and fired again. Durocher swung and hit a soft fly to short center field. The ball seemed to float lazily under the lights. Center Fielder Harry Craft raced in and waited for it.

He caught it, and the ball game was over. Johnny Vander Meer, the Reds' handsome 23-year-old left-hander, had put the first night game at Ebbets Field into the record books forever: he was the first man ever to pitch two no-hit, no-run games in a row. And not only that, he had shown in the most dramatic way possible that pitching at night wasn't too different from pitching in the afternoon. If anything, the advantage was with the pitcher.

"It was tough hitting against him," Lavagetto said. "It's always tougher hitting against a fast-baller under the lights. And the lights were new to us then. But Vander Meer was good enough that game to pitch a no-hitter under any conditions." **END**



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Space contributed as a public service by this magazine

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

MR. MURPHY'S CHOWDER

Sirs

Myron Cope's article about Fido Murphy, *Football's Greatest Scout* (Sept. 30), reminds me of an incident attesting to the qualifications of another great scout. Campbell Dickson. Dickson was Princeton's end coach in the '30s, and a fine coach he was, as well as a truly fine gentleman. He was also Princeton's chief scout and was assigned the responsibility of following Columbia before the game that turned out to be the only one the Lions lost in 1933.

The scouting tip provided by Dickson that gave Princeton the edge even before the game began was that Columbia's Red Matal took a stance with parallel feet each time there was a pass play. Whenever he had a blocking assignment, his stance was staggered. With this tip-off, Princeton was able to set its defense with confidence and great success, even though Columbia had such a fine passer in Cliff Montgomery and a number of able receivers.

DEAN HILL JR

New York City

Sirs:

In view of the Bears' recent upset of the Packers, I thought your readers might be interested to know that Fido Murphy claimed his share of the credit promptly. "You know," he told me after the game, "Halas went all the way with my game plan yesterday. Yeh. I can't tell you what the plan was, but use this: Just say that we have found out how to play against the Green Bay Packers, and I wish Commissioner Pete Rozelle would put a stop to clubs exchanging game films. I'm holding jobs for four or five coaches who don't know as much football as my wife."

I pointed out to Fido that inasmuch as the clubs *do* exchange films, there would be no harm in his telling me the details of his defenses against Green Bay. He replied, "Half of these coaches can't see what's going on even when they see it on films. I can't doublecross Halas and Parker, see what I mean? The other coaches will see the basic stuff on films that the Bears did, but not the inside stuff. The way to beat Green Bay is to run more plays than they do, but I'm not gonna tell anybody *how*. Look, you don't use anything fancy against Lombardi. Lombardi uses fundamentals and poise. You beat him at his own game, which I did yesterday. Against Green Bay, you gotta outstatistic them, keep the ball from them."

MYRON COPE

Pittsburgh

EIGHT, TEN AND TEXAS

Sirs

I think maybe whoever was in charge of your special College Football Issue (Sept. 23) should take a good look at the record books and see what has happened in the past when the Big Eight, "who continue to play on a par with the lower rung of the Big Ten," met the almighty Big Ten head-on. That is, what *used* to happen. It may not strike you as odd to see that there have not been too many meetings between leagues lately. Maybe the Big Ten has not yet recuperated enough to find out if it can measure up to slugging it out in the midlands.

Sure, I'm prejudiced. Why not? I am Kansas all the way and proud of it.

RICHARD C. ELDREDGE, USN

Norfolk, Va.

Sirs:

All you hombres at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED must be from Texas. How come you didn't say there? I'll betcha Texas loses two or more games; and if they had the guts to play the Big Ten they'd lose more.

A. KINSEY GRIFFITH

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

The Oklahoma Sooners may not be first this year, but if they have anything to say about it, neither will Texas. At least Texas won't be unbeaten.

SAM WATKINS

Oklahoma City

M&M

Sirs:

You told us Myers was good (Scouting Reports, Sept. 23). You were right.

You said Mira was best. You were wrong.

MIZZOU FANS

Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:

Tommy Myers of Northwestern and not George Mira of Miami is college football's best passer. Let the 1962 record speak!

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Myers	9	195	116	14	.595	1537	13
Mira	10	260	122	16	.469	1572	10

W. A. CURRY

Columbus, Neb.

Sirs:

You said the Miami-Florida State opener "should decide right away who is the best independent in the South." And so it did. Florida State won the game 24-0, and Quarterback Steve Tensi and Halfback Fred Biletnikoff

continued

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nikoff made George Mira and his "dream team" look like a bunch of insomniacs.

RONNIE CAREY

Jacksonville

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

Sirs:

The letter from Sheila Harrison, Cheltenham, England (19TH HOLE, Sept. 9) made me realize how dilatory I am in answering my mail on curly-coated retrievers. Since that lucky day, June 10, when my dog Chilliwack's curly coat appeared in the 19TH HOLE, a lot has happened for him, bridewise. Here (*right*) is a picture of the final result: two female curly-coated pups, Burtoncurl Aphrodite and Burtoncurl Artemis, whom I recently imported with the assistance of Mr. Philip Ashton, vice chairman of the Curly-coated Retriever Club of England. I am certainly the happiest retriever owner in these United States, and I have SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to thank for heeding my call for help in preserving this rare breed.

DAVE GRUBE

Delaware, Ohio

SECOND ROUND

Sirs:

A lot of your readers have suggested switching the Yankee-Met franchises as a cure for baseball (19TH HOLE, Sept. 23). As a Met fan I protest. It would ruin the game in New York. The people who watch the Met games are Met fans, of course; but they are more than that: they are National League fans who also have loyalties to the old New York favorites—the Dodgers and Giants. Also, they are Yankee haters. Fans in this city would have conflicting loyalties if such a switch were to be made.

The American League has its problems, we don't deny that, but we, the Met fans, are perfectly happy where we are.

PEGGY CUCITI

Bayside, N.Y.

Sirs:

What all those Yankee-haters writing in have apparently failed to take into consideration is the fact that the New York Yankees are talent-loaded enough to subject the National League to the same plight that the American League is currently enduring. How many people do you think would turn out in the senior circuit to witness ball games between teams in the first division, 15 games off the pace? Not many. And how many teams in the senior circuit possess three men who would be sure to break into the Yankee regular starting lineup? Not one.

R. BRUCE MANWILLER

Temple, Pa.

Sirs:

Reader E. B. Schmidt's solution, *viz.*, giving the biggest cuts of the money to the lowest-ranked team, might bring the Spirit of the Mets to every ballpark in the country. Just imagine fans cheering themselves hoarse as Warren Spahn loses his 21st consecutive game. Ralph Houk would get fired for winning two games in a row. Meanwhile, some



GRUBE, ARTEMIS AND APHRODITE

pitcher is collapsing from pitching 322 bases on balls per game.

Probably the Yanks would back into the pennant anyway, being too inexperienced at losing games. We would hear rumblings of "break up the Mets." Maury Wills would steal 225 bases (backward, from second to first), and, after a terrific rhubarb, would be enshrined in the Hall of Fame for having stolen third from home (a most difficult feat). Sandy Koufax would be transferred to Hawaii in exchange for Bo Belinsky, who would be promoted to team trainer. Mickey Mantle would be traded to the Giants for John Pregenzer. Correction. Mickey Mantle and $100,000 for John. And St. Louis fans would ante up $4 million to guarantee Stan Musial's immediate retirement.

HAROLD K. WILLIAMS

Carlisle, Pa.

Sirs:

One suggestion, which may not be new, is to split the season. Have each league declare a winner for the first half, and then immediately after the All-Star Game begin the battle for the second-half winner. The two winners in each League (if there are two) would then play a short series to declare the league champions, who would be in the World Series.

At least a team that was about 18 games out would have a new chance and could draw an extra 50,000 or more fans during July and August. It is worth a try!

TOMMY L. SCHEXNAYDER

Houston

continued



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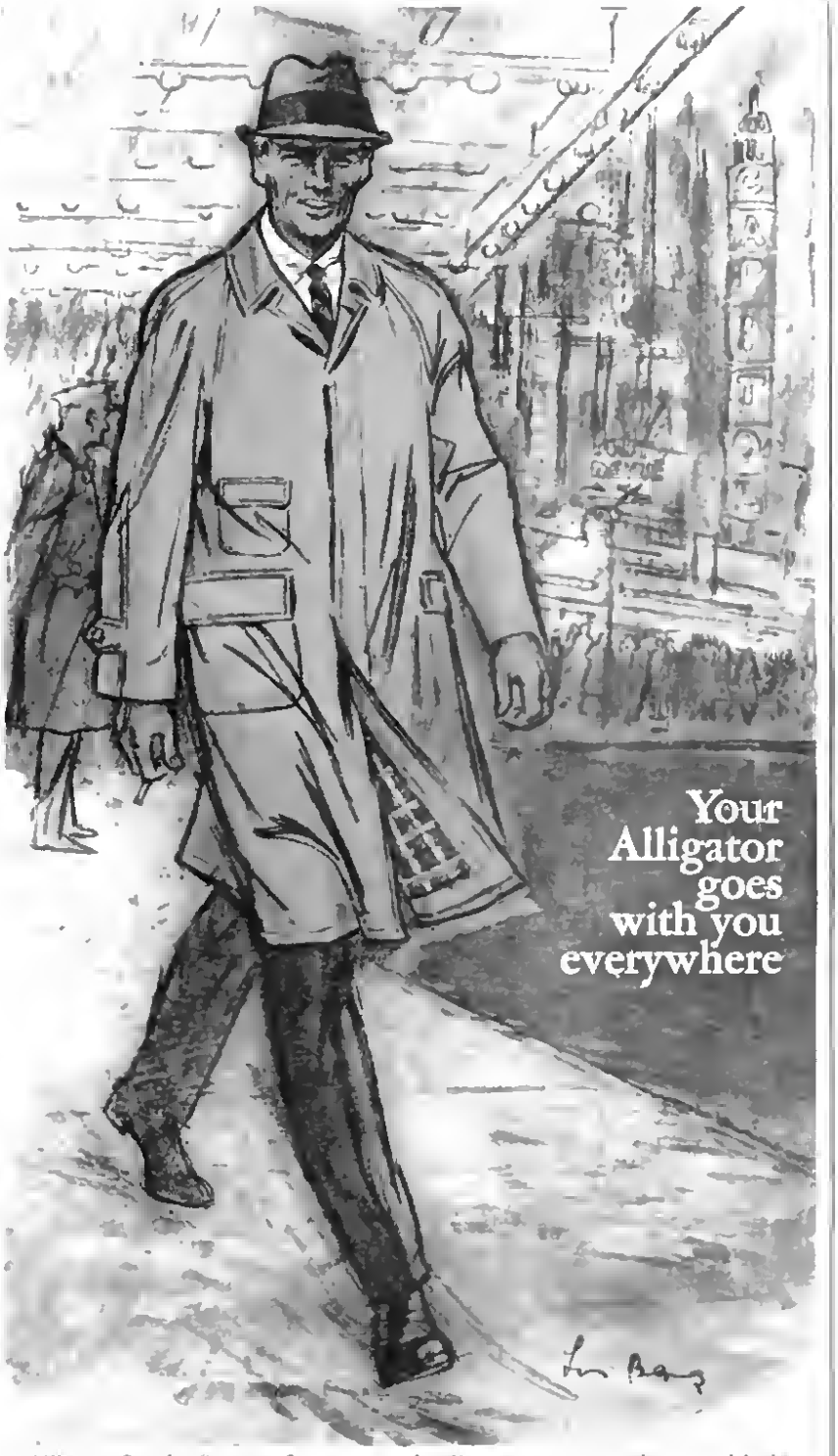
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THE CATCH

Sirs:

I am not a chronic crank and this is my first letter of complaint to an editor. However, I cannot sit idly by and see a great sport maligned as it was in your essay on surf fishermen entitled *And There Goes the Whole Weekend*.

The photograph was mediocre, but the line, "Despite oceans of money spent on equipment ($150 for a decent outfit), no one ever catches anything," was pure slander.

1) For the record, an excellent surf-casting rig can be purchased for $45 complete with crab net.

2) This past Labor Day my 14-year-old son and I caught two corbina and three perch. Yes, he caught the big one. Yes, we fished 1½ hours before the swimmers crowded us out.

3) In my 30 years of surf fishing, I have returned from the shores with edible fish more often than not.

I cannot speak for the Easterners who fish for stripers. However, your photograph depicts our own Pacific shore and what you said is just not true. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will still grace our magazine rack, but I feel better already.

PETER ARTH

Redlands, Calif.

Sirs:

Your article was grossly wrong and misleading. It must have been written by some goof that has never surf fished and knows nothing about it.

A good surf fisher does catch fish—lots of them. If it were not so, there would be fewer persons trying and fewer bait houses.

The best surf fishing, out here at least, is done at night on an incoming tide. Consequently few of the listed sneerers are around.

The catch here along the southern California coast is mostly croaker, perch and corbina. Corbina are fighters and, pound for pound, are as much fun to catch as trout. *I have seen them dance on their tails while* pulling an eight-ounce sinker along.

As for the price quoted by your author, the sporting goods stores in this area will be glad to know they can ask $150 for a surf-fishing outfit. Most of us have about $25 invested. The gear for deep-sea fishing is much more expensive because it has to be quite substantial.

To be sure, there are times when a surf fisher will haul in only seaweed, but there are times when the trout fisher is blanked, too.

Surf fishing in this area has a hidden dividend, as well. Sometimes the grunion run, and the lucky surf fisherman gets first crack at them.

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